Submission Agenda:
ORIGINS
By Pegasus

BOOK III:
GRADUATION

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Once an average high school student, Miles' life took a drastic turn on the day the teenager's mutant pheromone powers manifested, promising to transform his life forever.

Within a matter of weeks, the young mutant has enslaved his twin sister along with some of the most beautiful girls in school. And now, for the first time, his plans spiral outwards as the beautiful mother of the head cheerleader falls under his thrall as well. There are no limits to his powers, no woman he cannot have.

Miles is beginning to understand that his ambitions will take him beyond the confines of his high school, beyond his city and state. The agenda is just beginning… and the scope of it will grow until it consumes everyone and everything he has ever desired.

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Chapter 17:
Inheritance

In the midst of the marathon of debauchery and domination my life had become in the last few weeks, Stef and I were suddenly rocked by tragedy.

In a surreal and bizarre turn of events, we received the news that both of our parents had drowned after a boating accident in the Mediterranean. They had been overseas for a conference — leaving us behind, of course — and the yacht had suddenly started taking on water, taking the crew and most of the passengers down with it.

I felt numb as one of the executives from my father's company sat us down on a FaceTime call to take us through the details of the accident and the next steps necessary for the company's survival. To this day I don't know if I've really processed the loss. Maybe there's nothing to process. In truth, they had never really felt like our parents and never really treated us like their kids. Stef and I knew we were adopted, and maybe we were there to bring some light into our surrogate parents' lives… but I never saw any evidence of that light. Even when I started to change… to exhibit what I now believed were a form of mutant powers… they didn't really notice anything amiss.

They did teach me one very valuable lesson, however: self-reliance. Years of personal tutors, of company directors forced to include us in the day-to-day business of the firm, forced me to grow up fast. Now, all at once, I became my father's sole heir and the

inheritor of a multi-billion-dollar fortune.

I coldly appointed the former COO to lead the company and took advisory seats on the board for myself and Stefanie, scrolling through a sheet detailing the stock options and share holdings that Dad had passed onto me. Mom had also run a number of multi-million-dollar nonprofit charitable organizations, which I swiftly shut down and cashed out, converting to liquid funds.

I was now in an enviable position — I wouldn't have to deal with my parents' businesses, but they would continue generating revenue for me, allowing me a completely self-sufficient lifestyle. The house was transferred into my name, along with real estate holdings in New York City, London, and Los Angeles. The private jet was now mine.

The new CEO briefed me on the recent takeover bids my father had declined from Frost Enterprises. I scanned the files, lingering on the dossier profiling their own president, Emma Frost. Frost was a remarkable woman — tall, beautiful, a long wave of gorgeous blonde hair, icy-blue eyes. She seemed to always dress in white, and she carried herself with a sense of total confidence, a superiority I'd never witnessed in any other woman. Her whole demeanor touched something inside of me, something deep, savage and wanton. I suddenly had flashes, memories of dreams from the nights just after my powers began to manifest. Was it Emma I had dreamed of? I couldn't be sure. Was such a thing possible?

In the meantime, what few concerns Stef and I had about concealing our relationship started to dissolve. There was no risk of our parents ever coming back to discover us, and we enjoyed our newfound privacy immensely. I moved into the Master bedroom, ordering all-new furnishings including an expansive double-wide king bed that Stef and I shared most nights.

I could invite my new slaves over any time I wanted, free to enjoy them as I wished. I felt like an Arab sultan among his harem, my dominion over my women absolute. And though they served me happily, willingly, I sometimes saw the jealousy in their eyes, the wounded pride as they adapted to their new roles as second-class citizens, property, chattel.

Stef's eyes widened, her face splitting in a gleeful grin as I related the story of how Alana had invited me back to her sprawling mansion for our first tawdry fuck, only to be interrupted by her busty, thick-bodied MILF mother… And how I had managed to take them both, dominating them together and forcing them into acts of incestuous debauchery before blowing my load inside each of them and locking them under my thrall for good.

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"Mmmgghh…" Alana's pink, pouting lips came away from my bulbous cockhead with a loud *pop.* She nuzzled her blushing face against the side of my obscenely large meat,

nipping and licking along the cordlike veins as she looked up at me submissively.

She was dressed in her cheerleader outfit, her hair in a set of cute golden pigtails that fell about her shoulders, kneeling in front of me on the couch. In front of us, Madison stripped and danced seductively, twerking her fat ass in a red bikini. Behind her on the 106" flatscreen, porn played at full volume — Angela White getting railed out by a big, black cock, her fat titties sloshing all over her chest as her eyes rolled back in her head.

"You're gonna have to introduce me to your friends on the cheerleading squad," I said to Alana, playfully slapping her cheek with my spit-slick cockhead.

"Yessss, Master," the brain-washed fuckslave replied, then turned her head to smear my potent pre-cum along her cheek before opening her mouth to slurp my shaft back up. I held her by the pigtails and fucked her face. The once-proud, arrogant queen bitch of the senior class relaxed her throat, grabbed my hips, and pushed herself down, forcing my meat down her gullet. As her vocal cords ran along my cock, her muffled, wet groan vibrated along the shaft, pleasing me greatly. Then she pulled back, my full length emerging and dragging with it a thick covering of spit and throat slime that dropped down her chin and onto the front of her uniform.

She gathered up the thick spit from her watering mouth and dived back onto my cock, massaging my balls as she did so. Each swollen testicle was larger than a grapefruit, and she couldn't quite fit her whole hands around them, but she squeezed and caressed them lovingly, begging for more of my heady white cream.

As Alana worked hard for me, my gaze was on the gyrating, dancing form of Madison. Appreciating her buttermilk-white skin, the curves of her hips, the way her ass jiggled and vibrated madly when she twerked…

Alana sucked fiercely, taking me deeper. I moaned and crossed the line readily, my dick expanding in her throat as it exploded, firing jelly-thick ropes of my mind-altering mutant cum directly into her stomach Her eyes bulged slightly as she pushed herself down on me, impaling her face with my cock, its fat tip expanding her slender neck as I pumped thick cream into her belly, filling her, cum ropes coiling in her belly.

Finally, her stomach full, Alana pulled back, catching the last of my load in her mouth and swallowing, sucking with hungry, wild-eyed slurps. She needed it. Every last, thick, tasty drop. She was hopelessly addicted to me and my pheromone-rich fluids. The last few spurts of my climax fell across her tongue and she sucked for all she was worth to get any leftovers.

The blonde cheerleader took my nut and kept sucking, overstimulating my sensitive dicktip. Then she swallowed again, pulled back and began to tongue-bathe my prick like a cat. She gripped my still-stiff cock and ran her tongue up the length of it again and again from every angle, lapping at the cordlike veins spiraling along the shaft, kissing the bulging channel of my urethra lovingly.

I smacked Alana aside and gestured for Madison to come closer. The gorgeous redhead had already long since discarded her bikini top and wore only the briefest bottoms, and her curvaceous hips swung from side to side as she approached me. Wiping traces of cum off her beautiful face, Alana watched as I had Madison mount me, slipping her bikini to the side and entering her smoothly. She started to bounce on my iron-hard cock while I got my mouth onto one of her massive, milky tits, sucking and chewing on her bubblegum-colored nipples.

Her tight pussy clamped down on my cock as my hands buried into the soft, yielding titflesh, and she rocked her hips in my lap. My hands traveled down, gripping at her thick thighs, smacking her fat, bulging ass, driving my face every harder into her fat tits. Madison cooed, loving the feeling of my hands all over her, and I appreciated the way my fingers sank into the abundant flesh of the her soft body.

We fucked in perfect synchronicity, my body thrusting up against her, the bulbous tip of my prick bulging out of her stomach as she rode me. When I finally came deep in her womb, she pulled me close and hugged me, mewling softly as her breasts smothered me and my load triggered a sympathetic orgasm within her, a soul-rending climax that took her mind to the edge of sanity.

Chapter 18:
MILF Money

Lori visited our home for the first time later that week, at my request. I had her phone number now too, and she sent me dirty texts and selfies throughout the week, some surprising even me with their lewdness. A grown woman, debasing herself for a boy younger than her own daughter… It seemed her age only amplified her lusts, her readiness for me.

Stef and I lay amidst the tangled sheets on our new broad expansive bed, silk sheets draped over our nude forms as Lori stepped into the bedroom. She'd spent some time getting ready in the bathroom and looked gorgeous as she sauntered in, hips rocking from side to side. Her blonde bob framed her beautiful face… She wore shimmering blue eyeshadow, a heavy application of rouge on her cheeks, her puffy, pouting, bimbo lips painted a rich burgundy maroon.

Her voluptuous body was wrapped in a silk robe that trailed behind her on the floor, the neckline plunging deep on her chest, exposing the perfect skin of her breastbone and her swanlike neck. The twin moons of her perfect breasts, making my own super-stacked sister look modest by comparison, were squashed together in a deep canyon of cleavage, and the tanned hemispheres bounced and jiggled with each step, threatening to burst free entirely from the confines of the jade-colored robe, the sash cinched tight at her waist just above her broad hips.

Stef surveyed our guest hungrily, eyes flitting up and down over Lori's outrageous body. I'd noticed that since our first threesome with Madison, Stef's predilection for female

company had only increased. She shared my lusts, our tastes merging, melding, becoming one, as she became little more than an instrument of my own will. My agenda was her agenda.

“Welcome, Lori,” I said, propping myself up on a pillow, eyes running her up an down for myself. “I’m glad you could come.”

“Tonight was supposed to be my anniversary dinner… with my husband,” she said quietly. “But you… insisted. So here I am.”

I grinned. This was true. My prick began to stiffen beneath he sheets and Lori’s eyes flickered down to it, watching the silken covers lurch before rising steadily and tenting over my crotch. She gasped and shivered at the sight.

“Your husband will be disappointed,” I said cheerfully. “Don’t you love him, Lori?”

She flinched at this intentionally hurtful question. I felt the power I had over her, so intense it was almost a physical weight in the room with us.

“I… thought I did,” she admitted, casting her eyes down to the floor. “Until… Until you…”

“Until I fucked the shit out of you and your daughter and made you my bitch,” I said, the unspeakable shape stirring beneath the covers, growing in fits and starts.

“Yes,” she said quietly, eyes locked on the growing tent in the covers.

“Yes, *Master,”* I corrected her. Her shoulders slumped.

“Yes, Master,” she repeated, blushing a deep crimson.

“Lose the robe,” I grunted, the looming bulge under the sheets still stiffening, rising…

Lori immediately complied, undoing the sash and shrugging the silken robe off her shoulders, letting it slide off her body with a whisper, weightlessly crumpling to the floor at her feet. Both Stef and I caught our breath at the sight of Lori’s exposed body.

She’d dressed for the occasion, to be sure. Lori’s luscious, MILF-thick body was squeezed into lacy black lingerie, her tits pushed up high on her chest like a shelf, the bra only barely containing her beach-ball-sized melons, excess flesh spilling over the lacy edges of the cups. Her panties were lacy and semi-transparent, the straps riding high on her hips and disappearing into the fulsome flesh of her curves. She wore a garter belt with cute little bows holding up dark stockings, leading down her legs to a set of stiletto-pump black heels.

She was breathing heavily, visibly excited, biting her fat lower lip… her massive chest heaving and shuddering with each breath. Her eyes met mine, and I saw the acceptance there, the passion within her. My upright cock hitched and spit a solitary

burst of cream into the covers, making the silk sheets dance as the pressurized squirt erupted against them.

I was thrumming with anticipation and I reached down to rip the sheets away from my body like a stage magician, revealing the engorged, fat, semi-hard length of cock as it slowly rose to full attention. Cable-thick veins ran up and down its smooth, hairless surface, pulsing as they pumped it full of life. It was already more than a foot long, thicker around at the base than Lori's own forearm, and beneath the root of that totemic prick sat my two grapefruit-sized balls, nestled comfortably between my legs, twitching and gurgling happily as they prepared their next load. The rope I'd just busted into the sheets dangled off the throbbing purple tip, drooping down heavily.

"I thought… Alana… might be here," Lori breathed, eyes locked on my prick. "I know she's been… spending the night here sometimes."

"I gave your daughter the night off," I chuckled, pulling on my cock slowly, stroking it, making it ever harder and firmer. "I wanted you all to myself tonight, Lori."

She nodded wordlessly, entranced by the sight of my painfully slow masturbation. My cock oozed fresh pulses of cream that ran down my length in rivulets and I collected them in my fist, using them to lubricate my steady jacking.

"Come, slave," I said simply, and Lori nodded, climbing forward onto the bed, crawling toward me on all fours. Her vast, pendulous tits hung down, barely constrained within the lacy black bra, her fat ass jutting out behind her, stocking straps digging into the two fulsome, expansive cheeks.

Her eyes were on mine, staring into me with the confidence and assurance of a grown woman. My massive, uncircumcised cock and my heavy, fist-sized balls loomed in front of her.

"Tell me about your husband," I said, stroking myself. "Is my cock bigger than his?"

"I always thought… he was average," she murmured, feasting her eyes not he turgid, obscenely large cock in front of her, a virile display of manhood. "But you make him look… like a fucking child…"

"You're a cheating slut," I spat. "A housewife whore. What would he say if he could see you here right now?"

"He'd be disgusted… This is sick…. I'm so fucked up," she admitted, openly drooling over my cock. "I'm nothing but a boy-owned bitch… But I don't care… I just need your cum so bad… I can't think about anything except your big, beautiful cock…"

I glanced over at Stefanie, watching rapturously beside me in bed. Our eyes met and we both grinned, savoring this moment as a dual triumph. Lori had been my sole conquest though, as had Alana. I had needed Stef's help, her confidence, her

encouragement, in entrapping Madison only a few weeks before. But Alana and now her mother… I had taken them all by myself.

I released my cock, letting it stand under its own power, and Lori took my cue, reaching forward, sighing reflexively as her fingertips grazed the surface of my shaft. She moaned as she stroked it lightly, gently, feeling it rise and swell, framed just in front of her hanging, deep cleavage. My nutsack, resting between my legs, gurgled and churned audibly at her ministrations.

I looked down at the tanned, blonde, Uber-thick MILF kneeling on the sheets before me, my cock now fully erect and painfully hard, jutting upward into the air like a pike, my winking piss-slit oozing pre-cum down over the lip of my fleshy foreskin. I swelled to full potency under her caress, and my fat, helmet-shaped cockhead became even larger, causing my foreskin to peel back along its surface. My cumslit opened wide as my cock flexed and then erupted again, blasting a continuous beam of milky, sperm-tinged pre-cum for several seconds straight. The wild, arcing rope looped over Lori's shoulder and splattered over the sheets behind her.

"Ooooh!" She cooed in earnest delight at this display of virility and power, stroking my footlong cockshaft with a feather-light touch. She reached forward with both hands now, grasping my flexing horseback and beginning an insistent two-handed tugging. My prick was already so slimy with pre-cum that her hands made a rhythmic *schlikk, schlikk, schlikk* sound as she methodically milked me. Soon enough, I let loose, spurting another gigantic blast of pre-cum that arced over her shoulder and splattered onto her back and her ass.

"Yessss," she hissed. "Give me that nasty cum… I want you to shoot out all your thick seed for me, Master…"

My cock fired off another firehose blast of pre-nut in response to her filthy talk, my big heavy balls drawing up close tot he base of my shaft and gurgling, then twitching as I shot a rope over Lori's head. The MILF continued her concerted double-fisting, jerking off the slimy monster cock with determined downward strokes.

"Your balls are so big," she marveled. "I can't even imagine the amount of sperm backed up in these nuts of yours… Mmmm…"

She jerked me harder, the lewd, slick noises getting louder. My nuts pulled up around the root of my prick again, and I groaned as I pissed the biggest, milkiest jet of pre-cum yet. It geysered upward, looping and twisting wildly through the air, splattering all over the sheets on the bed around us as Lori held onto my prick, trying to control its muscular bucking and flexing. Cordlike veins danced across its length like lightweight strikes.

"You're gonna divorce your husband," I hissed, and Lori looked up at me with doe eyes, blinking as she received orders that would change the course of her life. "And come and live here with me full time. Understand?"

“I… Master, I can’t just…” she stuttered, trying to bargain, not believing the enormity of my demands.

“You’ll do what I say,” I grunted, and a look of cold resignation passed over her face. “I own you, and I’m not gonna share you with some fucking cuck faggot.”

She nodded, a single tear escaping her eye and racing down her flushed cheek.

“And whatever money you get in the divorce… However many millions or billions… The cars, the property, the real estate… All that will be mine. Understand?”

“Yes, Master,” she said quietly. “I understand.”

“Good,” I replied, and then my hips bucked, my pisshole opening to spit out the thickest, clumpiest spermload yet. It gushed out in a slow but steady extrusion, like a worm wriggling up from beneath the soil… A compacted, solid, continuous rope of pearly white jism, thicker around than a finger. My earlier discharge had been pre-cum but *this…* this was the real thing, an unmistakably virile and concentrated cum-cord.

The disgraced MILF milked my slimy cock with both hands, looking down to watch my backed-up and compacted cum-worm slither further and further out of my slit. The cum-rope dangled from the end of my beet-red knob and Lori dipped her head, catching it between her puffy, slut-painted lips and slurping it up like a fat udon noodle. She sucked it in as it drooped toward her mouth, loudly chewing and munching not he gummy-thick length of clotted cream. My cock flexed mightily and pushed out the end of the dense jelly strand and it flopped down to her chin. Lori’s cheeks looked comically full, like a chipmunk, as she struggled to chew and break down the sinew-thick cum gunk in her mouth, and she slurped the last of it up, bit by bit.

“Mmmnggh, fukkk,” she moaned through a cum-clogged mouth, her lips smacking loudly around the thick, creamy treat. “Gimme cumm… Shoot it for Mommy… So hungry…”

My cock trembled and quaked in her hands, visibly swelling and pulsing, and Lori chewed faster, desperately gulping down the impossibly thick cum-snake coiled in her mouth. I hissed, hips bucking, eyes locked on hers as she gargled the last of my cum-sludge and swallowed, then held her mouth open for me to see, wagging her tongue. As if in response, my cock burped up another clumpy discharge of cum jelly, plopping to the sheets below.

“You can have my cum… when you fucking earn it,” I hissed.

In response, Lori reached down and tugged on her bra cups, shrugging the straps off her shoulders, suddenly and unceremoniously letting her two massive titties spill out into the air.

They seemed to expand to even greater size as they exploded from within the confines of the lingerie, hanging down like twin globes, impossibly huge, bisected by vivid tanlines. Each was capped by blushing areola broader than her own palms, with puffy, candy-pink nipple nubs that looked engorged with arousal. Each breast was easily larger than her own head, forming a ridiculous wall of cleavage before my eyes.

I groaned in appreciation at the sight and my hips bucked once, my dickhole dilating wide before pissing a finger-thick plume of pre-cum, so heavy and dense that even with the immense power of my ejaculation behind it, it looped only a few inches into the air before splashing onto her tanned cleavage. I gushed a massive, continuous jet of pre-cum all over her huge, heavy tits, drawing a fat, white zig-zag that drooled down into the valley between them.

Lori reached up and pressed her hands into either side of her tits. Her fingers sank deep into the pillowy, yielding flesh, hands disappearing from view as if they had been swallowed up to her wrists by the fat, mountainous mounds. She smeared her immense breasts against each other, squashing and clapping them together, crushing my oozing pre-cum between them.

“I never did this for my husband,” she breathed. “Twenty years of marriage… and you took from me in one afternoon something he never got to have.”

Then she leaned forward and simply engulfed the massive cock before her, hugging me with her tits, pancaking her mammaries around my turgid, vein-riddled length. Pure, exquisite, pillowy softness met iron-hard rigidity, swamping my slimy cock in the hot embrace of her pre-cum-glazed cleavage and beginning a vigorous up-and- down massage. Her breasts consumed my cock, titlfesh flooding over me, burying my prick in their sweet, yielding mass. Her flesh jelly seemed to jiggle and move around my dick of its own accord, making gross burping and farting noises as she squeezed and gripped it.

Her hands sank so deep into her titties from the sides that it seemed she could almost grasp my monstrous cock *through them*, jerking me off with her tits, worshipping me with her body in the most debased, depraved way possible. Occasionally, the angry purple glans would escape her imprisoning titlfesh, foreskin peeled back by the friction, and she would lick the slit, making me gasp in ecstasy before she covered the entire shaft again with her warm, slippery, glorious breasts.

“I know you like big titties,” she huffed, rocking back and forth on my shaft. “My daughter doesn’t deserve you… You need a real woman to show you… what we’re made for…”

Pre-cum pulsed freely from my dicktip, bubbling up from the cleft of her cleavage like a wellspring. She leaned in and licked the tip of that blunt cockhead, moaning deeply at the taste, her eyes rolling back. The piss-slit winked faster, weeping out more and more noxious spunk, and her tongue reached out, wiggling its way underneath the tight sleeve of foreskin, working around the circumference of my fat cockhead. I groaned, and she echoed me with her own moans of pleasure as she slurped hungrily.

She latched onto the end of my prick like a leech, sucking hard as more concentrated pre-cum leaked out, her cheeks going concave as she tried desperately to suck the sperm straight out of my balls through the rigid, 12-inch shaft of my cock. She looked up at me, lost in the act, her hands struggling to heft her two meaty, heavy breasts. She brought her arms up, hugging her tits now with her forearms, pressing them together to form a perfect, jiggling fuck-tunnel for my veiny, diamond-hard cock.

I thrust upwards, my fist-sized cockhead bashing her in the face like a boxing glove. I fucked her cleavage with wild, uncontrolled thrusts, seeking friction and glorious release, my cockhead battering her senseless in the process. She moaned and grunted each time my fucktool slammed against her cheeks, her chin, her lips, her nose, her jaw. I pumped my pelvis upwards, slicing my leaking cocktip upwards, jabbing her in the face again and again.

Her jiggling tit-meat clapped around my cock and she bit her lip, looking straight up into my eyes as my dick continued to beat her in the face with every thrust. The pressure of her tits around my cock, the fierce suction when she bent to slurp and slobber on the glans, was unlike anything I had ever felt. Lori made her daughter look like the girl she was. I had to fight not to burst right then, to give up my heavy load and bathe that fucking MILF's face in a torrent of heavy cream.

I humped into her cum-slick tit-channel as she craned her neck down and bobbed on my apple-sized prick helmet, drooling onto her own cleavage, rocking herself back and forth, trapping my cock between her crushed titties.

"Ugh, fuckkk," I groaned, as my cock started belching up milky-thick plumes of pre-cum in a sustained burst. I was able to keep his true climax at bay, but my dick was crushed into such ecstatic bliss that it began pissing pre-spunk straight upwards, blasting Lori in the chin with a continuous jet. She sank onto me, my sputtering prickhead disappearing into her cleavage once more, smearing fresh, hot, syrupy cream all over her tits in the process. Steaming pre-cum erupting out from between her breasts, splattering all over her chest and face, turning her cock-milking titjob into a sloppy, sperm-slathered mess.

I blasted non-stop, Lori's eyes wide with reverent awe as she knelt on the bed, hunched over my cock, doing everything she could to drive me to climax. The sheer amount of raw pre-cum bubbling up and spurting all over her chest was unreal, her fingers slipping and sliding on her massive mammaries as she did her best to contain it, to squeeze my mighty cock into the airtight, cum-lubricated embrace of her bosom. All the while, her gloopy cleavage let out lewd, wet farting sounds – *shlorkkk, shplubkk, flurrk, shluckkk.*

I was ejaculating so powerfully, so heavily, more than most men would ever cum in a lifetime... yet I knew this was only the prelude, the pre-cum, the prologue to my true, unspeakably potent, glorious climax. The thick, white, savory cream, so dense with sperm it was nearly solid.

Lori developed into a frenzied tittyfucking rhythm, her hot, slippery breasts smearing all over my pre-cum-spewing dick, her nipples jouncing wildly as her underboobs slapped my thighs with a repeating *plapp-plapp-plapp-plapp-plapp.* Her tits looked like udders,

mashed around my fat, veiny pillar of man-meat. The beautiful blonde MILF squashed my rampaging erection like she was trying to kill it, smothering it beneath an avalanche of cum-slathered, squishy soft titflesh.

“Cum for me, Master,” she begged with a messy mask of pre-cum coating her lower face and chin. “Please… Give it to me… ”

My only response was to reach forward, sinking my hand into her golden blonde hair, pressing her head down, forcing her mouth onto my spurting, gushing prickhead just as I burst, cumming hard, shooting beams of blistering-hot, semi-solid cum past her tonsils and down her throat. Thick gouts of cream escaped her lips, dripping down her chin and onto her tits in a viscous torrent that ran into her cleavage and lubricated my thrusting, humping cock with obscene burping sounds — *glurrpp, bluuoorp, blpp, skwwwshh.*

She bent over me, crouching between my legs, using her own body weight to drive herself down again and again onto my prick, taking it into her mouth even as she mashed her tits around it, pulverizing my throbbing length with her sloppy, goopy, cum-soaked breasts. I was firing off finger-thick ropes of chunky, curdled cream, filling her throat to overflowing.

My cock swelled visibly in Lori’s mouth, stretching her burgundy-painted lips inhumanly wide around my girth. Her eyes looked up, fearful, pleading, panicked... and a strangled, pathetic groan from deep in her throat as I pumped her gullet full of my endless reserves of cum.

“Glllrpp glp gllblbl gkk,” she mumbled stupidly, gulping and guzzling as I pissed piping-hot cum chowder directly into her throat. She gulped greedily, overcome by the taste, the stench, the overwhelming *musk* I exuded.

“That’s good, bitch,” I said. “Suck my fucking dick... Drink your fill...”

Lori swallowed valiantly, gulping down pulse after pulse of molasses-thick cum jelly. She collapsed down onto me, her hands grabbing desperately at my thighs, her tits squashing down into the cum-soiled bedsheets, still pinning my cock in a sweet embrace. She gulped and gagged frantically, eager to drink more of my salty-sweet fluids, her mind now hopelessly addicted to the cream.

“You’re an even bigger slut than your dumb fucking daughter,” I grunted, holding her in place over my fountaining prick.

“Bllp gllggkk gllghh,” the MILF groaned, throat choked with thick, searing-hot cum like a clogged toilet. Cum spurted from her nose in wild jets, her cheeks ballooning at the same time so it seems her whole face was exploding. She went limp, hovering over me with my cock down her throat, as the force of my ejaculations rocked her head back and forth like a puppet, the lewd, wet sounds emanating from deep in her throat — *skluuuorrrt, spluuuurrrg, skuuuushhh.*

With my hand deep in her hair, I yanked Lori off my prick. She blubbered pathetically, spitting up a drooling, slobbery mess all over her cum-sodden this, then slumped to the side. Her eyes rolled back in her head, tongue lolling out. Her mouth was a gooey web of cum strands ands little ands he breathed in ragged gasps, twitching on her side as she rode the waves of pleasure she gained from tasting my seed. Her fat, sloshing tits piled up on each other as she drooled into the sheets.

Like a snake, Stef slithered forward and embraced Lori, planting her lips over the mother's cum-stuffed mouth and kissing her passionately, hands finding the older woman's massive breasts and squeezing. I watched my sister feeding on my cream, sucking and slurping it up out of my newly trained slave's mind-fucked face, even as I continued fountaining into the air with the final triumphant spurts of my climax. Ropes of fat, gooey, butter-colored cum jelly splattered over Stef and Lori's conjoined faces and squirming, writhing bodies, and I felt total triumph, total control, mind-bending pleasure as the onrushing joy of climax overwhelmed me and took me to a new peak of ecstasy.

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I didn't expect Lori to just walk away with her husband's fortune, so I had prepared an insurance plan. Stef would be instrumental to this part of the scheme, but I trusted her innately. I knew she would never betray me, never would. Our fates were bound up together, the feeling between us growing stronger by the day. It was beyond love, beyond lust.

Alana invited Stef over to her sprawling mansion for a "study session" on a night they knew her father would be home. And on that night, Stef struck. My sister had become the picture-perfect ideal of feminine beauty, her curvaceous form exaggerated to an almost cartoonish degree in the weeks since she had first taken my load and become my property.

When she arrived at the Blair household, Stefanie was dressed to kill. Her hair was perfectly arranged, her perfume was vivacious and arousing — and her clothes nearly obscene. She wore a tight, cleavage-revealing pink blouse, a faded denim mini-skirt, slutty high heels and matching stockings. She had no bra on and it was obvious to anyone who gave her more than a cursory glance, as her nipples pressed against the thin material of the blouse, proudly displayed.

The introduction was obvious, Alana parading Stef in front of her rich industrialist father as he worked in his office at the other end of the mansion. Faking clumsiness, Stef bumped his desk and knocked a pen to the floor, then dipped to retrieve it. Her breasts met Mr. Blair head-on and he gazed shamelessly down into sexual heaven. He'd met Alana's friends before, but never anyone who looked or acted quite like Stefanie, and his devotion to his wife crumbled quickly. Stef is vivacious, beautiful, full-chested… but she's also plainly a slut, a whore, easily taken. She's also easily two decades younger than Lori — a minor, in fact — adding still more to her allure as forbidden flesh.

Later that evening Stef would return to the office and move in for the kill, swiftly seducing the much older man. These were my orders. Stefanie was an extension of my

will at this point, and I was the only man who had ever enjoyed her touch, but I knew that she could be a powerful tool as well. I couldn't afford not to use her. Stef accepted her orders readily, unquestioningly, and for a moment even I was stunned by the amoral predator I had turned her into, and how that reflected on me.

Stef knelt on the carpeted office floor and blew the older man, drawing him to a twitching, dribbling climax in no time, while Alana recorded the entire thing surreptitiously on her phone from the doorway, just out of sight. Alana's participation in the scheme was perhaps the most tragic, as I used the cheerleader's subservience to me as a means of dismantling her entire family.

The smartphone video, of course, would provide all the evidence Lori needed in order to file divorce papers. Her hapless husband was suddenly caught not only in an act of infidelity, but technically statutory rape, potentially a life-ending felony. Presented with the evidence the following week, Mr. Blair threw his hands up in defeat and began sobbing.

Lori would start living at my house almost immediately. I gave her Stef's old bedroom.

It would be months before the divorce proceedings were settled and damages awarded, but in the end I stood to gain a profit of about $550 million, plus $25,000 monthly alimony. Lori also added me as primary beneficiary on her own private trust fund, with an annual dispersement of $250,000.

Chapter 19:
Cheerleader Fuckfest

"This is the guy I was telling you about," Alana said, gesturing toward me as I sat, lounging leisurely on my couch. I muted the TV and welcomed my guests as they filtered from the foyer into the living room. I knew who they all were, but it was surreal to have them in my home.

The three senior girls trailing behind Alana were Crystal Ramos, Brianna Chase, and Jenny Doherty. All three were dressed in their cheerleading uniforms, just like Alana was.

The four of them made up the core of the cheerleading squad, and were also a notoriously tight friend unit, four of the most beautiful and popular girls in the senior class. Crystal Ramos was a curvaceous Latina with a dumptruck-thick ass, piercing brown eyes and long, curly dark hair; Brianna was a busty, freckle-dappled brunette; and Jenny was a petite dirty blonde with striking blue eyes, a deep, rich tan and a gorgeous smile.

The three of them shuffled into my living room as I stood to greet them, Alana walking happily toward me like a puppy. They looked around, admiring the clean and modern interior design, the massive TV taking up most of a full wall, the floor-to-ceiling windows

leading onto the expansive backyard and the swimming pool behind me.

My cock was stiff and uncomfortable in my pants, and the thick musk of my pheromones hung heavy in the air. It wasn't a coincidence; I'd spent the afternoon watching porn and jacking off, edging for hours, denying myself release, knowing who Alana would be bringing over later.

"Hey babe," Alana smiled, sidling up to me and planting a kiss on my lips. I pulled her to me and kissed her back hard, holding it just a beat too long while her cheerleader friends watched.

"How was practice?" I asked when the sloppy kiss finally ended. Alana discreetly wiped a bit of spit from her chin.

"Good. I just thought, y'know… You've got such a great place here, and the pool, I wanted them to come over and meet you!"

"Hi," I said, waving to the four tall, gorgeous, intimidating senior girls. I suddenly felt every bit the freshman again in their presence. "I'm Miles."

"Yeah, you're Stef's sister, right?" Crystal asked, nodding.

"That's right," I said. "You know her?"

"I think Madison on the dance team knows her. I've seen her around. She's cool," Crystal answered, already looking bored.

"Cool, we've met now," Brianna said, piping up. "So, are we like, good to go now, Alana?"

"Yeah, I kinda need to shower after that practice," Jenny said. "I'm pooped."

"You're really dating this guy, Alana?" Crystal asked, her eyes suddenly narrowing in suspicion. "Isn't he a freshman?"

"Yeah, we've just been hanging out," Alana smiled cheerily. "I dunno, I know he's not my usual type, but I think he's cute."

The girls rolled their eyes as one.

"Whatever," Jenny said. "Nice to meet you, Miles. Can we go now, Alana?"

"Well, I was thinking…" Alana started. "Why don't we just hang out here? I mean, we can all cool off in the pool. Or take showers, whatever."

"I didn't bring a swimsuit," Jenny said, hands on her hips.

"Uh, my sister has some," I interjected. "She's not here right now but… I'm sure she

wouldn't mind if you borrowed a couple."

The girls looked at each other, clearly trying to come up with an excuse to leave.

"Stay," I said, hoping they would all be somewhat suggestible by this point. The smell of my musk was thick in the air, rank and pungent. I saw Crystal sniff once, then again, inhaling deeply. They'd been breathing it in since they walked in the house. My pheromones, slowly but surely chipping away at the free will they took for granted.

"Omigod, whatever," Brianna said, rolling her eyes again. "Just let me get out of this fucking uniform already. Show me where the swimsuits are."

———

Ten minutes later, I was reclining on one of our pool chairs, shirtless in a pair of navy-blue swim trunks, when the girls came out through the sliding glass doors onto the patio. I watched them hungrily from behind my sunglasses as they glanced at me disdainfully, my pale and meager form.

Crystal, the curvy and thick Latina, had chosen a neon yellow bikini, her fulsome, round titties held high on her chest, her hips swaying as she sauntered out onto the deck. Brianna, the taller, bustier brunette, wore a sky-blue string bikini whose cups barely covered the areolas of her massive, swaying breasts, leaving little to the imagination. Her skin was pale, buttermilk-white in comparison to her tanned squadmates, and her breasts looked heavy, soft, and inviting. Her hair was back in a ponytail. Jenny, the shortest of the three, wore a hot-pink bikini that hugged her curves, and I admired the taut athleticism of her firm, tanned body. She had the physique of a gymnast, with pert, handful-sized titties, wide hips and shapely, toned legs. Alana, bringing up the rear, wore a barely-there white bikini, its straps riding up high on her hips.

Together, they were a cock-stiffening sight, and I had some difficulty containing myself as they approached. The thrill of anticipation ran through me, my heart rate increasing, my dick firming in my baggy swim trunks. I adjusted my leg to hide the growing erection as I watched them draw closer, admiring the pool and the spacious back yard, lined with a high picket fence.

"Sunscreen," Alana said simply, strutting over to the small table beside me, where four identical bottles of sunscreen stood in a row, like toy soldiers.

Crystal took a place on one of the pool chairs a few spaces down from me, reclining, and I admired her physique — feminine and full, with a narrow waist and wide, matronly hips like a walking fertility idol. Jenny sat by the edge of the pool, dipping her legs in, while Brianna lay down a towel on the warm concrete beside her, and I was treated to a view of her own shapely white ass, the sky-blue bikini bottoms riding up her crack.

"Turn over and let me do your back first," Alana said, sitting beside Crystal as the voluptuous Latina cheerleader lay back, her rich, bronze skin looking delicious in Stef's

neon yellow bikini. Alana squirted a dollop of sunscreen into her palm as her friend rolled over, and I feasted my eyes on her full, rounded backside, the sumptuous, sloping curves of her, big, fat ass. There was a veritable buffet of previously unattainable senior girls in front of me, and I was about to feast.

Of course, it wasn't sunscreen that Alana was drizzling into her palm. It was something else dense, rich, white and pudding-thick… I'd emptied the bottles and refilled them all with my cum the night before, and what was inside was festering, fermented, day-old, jelly-thick sperm-gunk.

I watched, grinning, as Alana slathered my fluids over her hands and then slapped them onto Crystal's ass, making the cheeks wobble and jiggle, before beginning a sensual massaging, rubbing my cream into her flesh.

"Mmmnh," Crystal said mildly. "Kinda tingles."

"Yeah, it's a new brand," Alana said off-handedly.

"Feels good," Crystal said, laying her head down on a towel. "Kinda… clumpy, though."

I noted that she mentioned a tingling sensation. Perhaps my cream had some sort of sensitizing effect? It made sense. I watched, transfixed, as Alana worked Crystal's ass like a baker kneading an enormous mound of raw dough. Squeezing and pressing it, slathering it until that ass seemed to sparkle in the late-day sunlight, glowing with a sheen of my juices.

"Mmm," Crystal said appreciatively, sniffing absently.

"Can we get some?" Jenny asked, and Alana casually tossed the girl a bottle. The tanned, petite blonde flipped open the lid and squirted some into her hand, then started rubbing it into her shoulders.

"Fuck, it's so thick," she said. My cock pulsed in my swim trunks, firming stubbornly, and I shifted uncomfortably, doing my best to hide the rising tent from view.

Alana held up her bottle over Crystal's back, aiming straight down. She squeezed hard and the bottle farted and wheezed as it spewed a finger-thick rope of pure sperm all over the cheerleader's back, zig-zagging back and forth from her shoulder blades down to the dimples right above her ass-crack. Alana turned back to me and smirked as she did it, and my cock throbbed with desire.

By this point, my dick was straining mightily against the fabric of my trunks. Difficult to conceal, but soon it wouldn't matter anymore. Alana continued massaging my cum into her unwitting friend's backside. Over by the pool, Jenny and Brianna both had bottles, applying to their shoulders, arms, legs… faces… their fingers dragging creamy, clumpy streaks of off-white jism all over their nubile bodies. They were all sniffling now, repeatedly, like they had all contracted allergies within the past five minutes.

“Okay *chica*, turn over,” Alana said, smacking Crystal’s cum-slathered ass playfully.

“What is that stuff?” Crystal asked, turning over slowly. “Smells weird. Kinda familiar… not bad, just… weird.”

Alana’s only response was to squeeze the bottle hard, blowing another massive rope all over Crystal’s heavy, bronzed tits.

“Unnnhhh,” Crystal moaned involuntarily, watching the loads criss-cross over her cleavage and the slight bulge of her stomach. She reached up and started rubbing it in herself, letting her hands glide up and down her body, over her thick, meaty thighs, up over her stomach, across her buoyant breasts.

Over by the pool, Jenny held out a bottle and imitated Alana, squeezing hard and blowing a fat, nasty, finger-thick plume all over Brianna’s fulsome, round, creamy white tits. The bottle farted lewdly, sputtering as Jenny used way too much, covering only Brianna’s chest, my cum piling up in wild, looping ropes over her mountainous breasts. Brianna moaned and brought her hands up, squeezing and slathering her mighty titties.

Alana placed the bottle between Crystal’s breasts and squeezed, swamping her cleavage in my chunky, coagulated wads, and the Latina squeezed her own titties, hard, and moaned again, lost in sensation. I watched her intently and my cock flexed in my shorts, pulsing and spewing a fresh, hot burst of pre-cum into my trunks.

Crystal was running her hands up and down her body, sliding and scooping handfuls of heavy cream, swiping it around on her hot, bronze skin, massaging it in as Alana simply sat and watched. Crystal’s hands slid over her tits, lifting them and letting them fall again with a wet *plopp*, before sliding up her neck and onto her face…

And then, without a second thought, the busty, thick-assed Latina started sucking and slurping on her own fingers, greedily cleaning them of my issue. Alana and I watched, enraptured, as the unwitting cheerleader squirmed and writhed on the pool chair, grinding her thighs together in ecstasy, licking her palms.

My cock hitched and spurted at the sight, audibly spitting a hot cream-load into my trunks, and Alana turned toward me, her senses finely attuned to my arousal, hearing the gurgling and churning of my cum-factory balls as I watched all three cheerleaders succumb to my mind-deadening cream.

Brianna and Jenny each had a bottle, playfully squirting each other, mimicking ejaculation as they blew rope after rope onto each others’ faces and chests, giggling. The bottles wheezed and farted in turn as they laughed and moaned, my cum running in streaks down their bodies, over their tits, into their hair…

“Mnuhhhh fuckkk,” Crystal moaned, gathering up more cum from her body to feed it into her mouth. She gargled and chewed the dense, nearly-solid gummy loads, eyes shut in

rapture, her voluptuous body glistening with a radiant sheen, slathered head-to-toe in my sticky, slimy cum residue.

“Here,” Alana said, handing Crystal the bottle, and Crystal snatched it from her, immediately sticking the nozzle between her puffy lips and sucking hard, squeezing it desperately, suckling on it like a nursing baby. Jenny and Brianna watched her, shocked, then immediately copied her behavior, sucking deeply on their own bottles, all three moaning and humming in a mindless, lusty chorus.

No longer concerned with hiding my arousal, I lay back on the pool chair, letting my iron-girder cock tent my swim-trunks blatantly. Alana sat beside me, icy-blue eyes wide with arousal, and reached down to tug the waistband of my trunks down. I lifted my hips and shimmied the swim trunks down over my thighs, revealing the thick, veiny root of my prick, my swollen, gurgling nuts… The girls seemed oblivious as Alana reached into my trunks and hauled out my cock into the open air, letting it stiffen and rise, assuming full erection, standing stiff like a column above my lap.

Alana’s fingers, with her long, manicured nails, wrapped around the mighty tree-trunk base of my cock and began a firm, insistent jerking and I hissed, my piss-slit burbling a steady stream of goopy, syrupy pre-cum that ran down over my shaft, lubricating her strokes. I watched the three cheerleaders mindlessly slurping on their bottles like hungry babies, hopelessly addicted to the flavor and pheromone rush they gained from my cream, and my cock hitched, belching up a fat, gooey load that made Alana coo with appreciation as she kept jerking me steadily, lovingly.

As I watched, Crystal drained her bottle, squeezing the last dregs of cream onto her outstretched tongue and licking her lips, moaning and suckling at the empty nozzle before tossing the bottle aside, frustrated. She looked over and recognized for the first time that her friend Alana was openly jacking me off not five feet away, and her sunglasses slid down her nose, her eyes wide, as she took in the sight of my massive, bloated, footlong prick for the first time.

“H-holy shit, Alana,” she murmured, lips gooey and sloppy with cream. “What the fuck are you doing?”

“What does it look like?” Alana sneered. “I’m jacking off my boyfriend’s giant fucking cock.”

“Don’t be gross!” Brianna exclaimed, setting her own empty bottle aside. Jenny watched from beside her, but said nothing, still chugging cum straight from the nozzle like an infant.

“Make him put it away!” Crystal said, idly stroking one fulsome breast as she watched, transfixed.

“I can’t *make him* do anything,” Alana replied smugly. “My man gets it whenever he wants, however he wants. And as you can tell, he’s rock-fucking-hard and needs relief.”

As if to emphasize her words, my cock hitched and spewed a thick, looping plume of white-hot cream like a fountain, the heavy load splattering down onto my stomach and thighs with a wet *plapp.* All three cheerleaders stared silently, eyes locked on my cock as it trembled and burped up a healthy follow-up load, drooling down over my tumescent shaft before Alana's hand gathered it and slathered it all over my pole.

"F-fucking… disgusting," Brianna said, sounding completely unconvincing.

"Put it away or we're… fucking leaving," Crystal said, an empty and shallow threat.

"Alright, that's enough," I said, slapping Alana's hand away from my pole and rising from my seat. My cock jutted out in front of me like a spear, aiming at each cheerleader one by one as I slowly turned to face them. Jenny finally finished her bottle but she still held it in front of her, drooling cream down her chin, watching me with wide eyes.

I walked over toward Crystal's reclining form on the pool chair. She scurried backwards as I approached, trying to scramble out of the chair, but it was a clumsy and awkward attempt. I was on her in seconds, crawling onto the chair, straddling her body. Her legs kicked feebly as I knelt over her stomach, knees on either side of her broad, rounded hips, my cock jutting out up toward her face.

"Get the fuck off me, *puta madre!"* she grunted, struggling to push me off of her without making contact with my looming, drooling erection. I ended her struggles with a hard slap to the face, sending her sunglasses skittering across the patio.

SMAKK!!

"Shut the fuck up," I growled, as she looked up at me with terror in her eyes, cradling her blush-red cheek. I took the opportunity to grope and squeeze one hefty breast, making her flinch. Her skin was hot and moist, soft tittyflesh yielding to my touch, and Crystal moaned in spite of herself, her titties engorged and sensitized by the dosing of heavy cream she'd already received.

"Alana, stop this," Brianna pleaded, watching me molest her helpless friend, my pale form looming over her luscious, bronzed body.

"Why wold I stop him?" Alana asked, smirking. "This is why I brought you all here in the first place."

"Look at the size of his fucking cock," Jenny muttered in wonderment. Brianna looked over at her and elbowed her in the arm.

"Shut up, Jenny!" she whined.

"I mean, it's gotta be like a foot long at least," the tanned, dirty blonde cheerleader said dreamily. "And his balls are… huge…"

Crystal looked mesmerized by the bloated cock-head hovering in front of her face, stunned into silence. The piss-slit dilated and belched a long, continuous stream of clumpy, chunky fresh cream onto her tits, and I saw her nostrils flare as she smelled it, recognizing the scent, instinctively reacting to it with an appreciative moan.

“Touch it,” I ordered, and she looked up at me with fearful, pleading eyes.

“I have a boyfriend,” she pleaded pathetically, but her hand was already coming up, fingers wrapping around my shaft just below the flared ridge at the base of the head, unable to fully encircle my substantial girth.

“Alana, please,” Brianna blubbered, tears in her glimmering eyes.

“Sit there and shut the fuck up,” I snapped back at her. “You’ll get your fucking turn.”

Brianna was instantly silent, kneeling beside the pool and trembling with fear, her massive tits quivering and jiggling as she sobbed quietly to herself.

Crystal began to stroke my cock, learning quickly that she would be rewarded for pleasing me as a few slow strokes drew out another clumpy, dangling cum-worm that plopped wetly to her chest. I could see in her eyes that she was lost already, but did not want to admit it, her hand moving of its own accord, stroking back and forth near the base of my cock-head, right where I was most sensitive.

“Holy fuck it’s so big,” Jenny whispered. “Think of how much cum is in those fucking fat balls…”

“C’mere,” I said to the tanned, petite cheerleader, whose mind was clearly already broken. “You can feel them.”

Jenny quickly crawled forward, leaving her friend Brianna a shivering, blubbering mess beside the pool. She sidled up to the pool chair and eyed my heavy, gravid nuts as they rested on her friend’s stomach. She reached out to fondle one full, teeming testicle, weighing it in her hand, squeezing it gently, enjoying the way it gurgled in response, rumbling in her palm.

Crystal gripped my cock just below the swollen head with one hand, and wrapped her luscious pink lips around it, slurping up the latest cream discharge hungrily, no longer able to resist. She let out a loud moan of appreciation as she sucked on the tip and expertly stroked my shaft at the same time. Alana sank to her knees on the other side of the pool chair, leaning in to cup my spare testicle, tickling it lightly with her fingernails, then dipping down to kiss it lovingly, with a lewd, exaggerated *smukk* sound. She planted more kisses up my pelvis, over the base of my rock-hard shaft, leaving pink lipstick marks behind. Jenny imitated her, leaning in to kiss my nuts and the base of my shaft. I looked down, swelling with triumph as three cheerleaders worshipped my cock and balls with their mouths at once.

Crystal bobbed her head on my cock and I reached down to take hold of her ponytail, guiding her back and forth as she lost herself in this whorish act. Then, with a grunt, I reared back and drove my cock further into her mouth, making her gag and choke as I forced myself into her throat and beyond.

“GUCK!” Crystal’s throat swallowed my cock, and with a groan I forced nearly half of my shaft down her gullet. Alana and Jenny moved with me, staying latched onto my swollen, pulsing balls as if trying to suck the sperm straight out through the skin of my nutsack.

I withdrew, pulling all the way out of Crystal’s throat, and let my fat cock swing up, then flop back down with a wet splat onto her gasping, spit-covered face. It fully covered one eye, the tip of it leaking into her hair. The shaft was smeared in lipstick.

“I… I can take more,” Crystal gasped, breathing hard. “I can take it all…”

“Yeah, I know,” I grinned. “But I think Jenny wants a turn…”

“I do! I do!” The dirty blonde cheerleader wiggled her ass happily, a bit of drool running down her chin.

Crystal caught my shaft in her hand again and glared at her friend, a stinging jealousy in her eyes.

“First slut to get her tits out gets the money shot,” I crowed.

Crystal released my cock at once as both she and Jenny stripped away their bikini tops off in unison.

The Latina had a gorgeous pair of fulsome tanned breasts, flawless and teardrop-shaped with perky, caramel-colored nipples. Jenny’s were smaller but firmer, vivid tan lines dividing each apple-sized titty, her nipples and areolas puffy and blush-pink.

“Hmm, I guess it’s a tie,” I grinned, pulling back and standing above the pool chair, stroking my turgid, drooling cock at the sight of the two topless cheerleaders before me.

Both Crystal and Jenny dived forward, burying their faces in my bloated nutsack, licking, sucking and worshipping my oversized balls. Lipstick smears and kisses coated my sack as they nuzzled and huffed on my musk, losing their minds in the sensation, the depravity.

Crystal lay a wet kiss on one softball-sized testicle as Jenny desperately tried to fit the other into her mouth, sputtering and blubbering around its mass. Then they moved up my shaft from both sides, licking and kissing, nipping on the cordlike veins ridging my length, their tongues tangling with each other as they worshipped my fat prick. Thick globs of pre-cum kept pumping out of my coinslot-sized dick-hole, and they took turns

collecting the loads, cleaning me off instantly, moaning throatily, squealing with delight. Both of them were stroking my cock together, Alana sinking under me to nuzzle and tongue the underside of my nutsack and taint as her two friends lost their free will forever.

I turned back to Brianna, who watched the proceedings now with blatant fascination.

“Watch what happens,” I grunted, my hips beginning to buck and twitch. “Your dumb slut friends… are about to make me… fuckin’ nut…”

My balls suddenly hitched and clenched against the base of my shaft, lifting off Alana’s face, and I moaned as I began to unload the cum-prize I’d been saving up all afternoon. Nearly solid-chunks of sperm-jelly rocketed up my length before exploding out between the mouths of my two brand-new cheerleader sluts, the first heavy rope pumping out between their mouths before the cum-hungry Crystal latched her lips onto it and slurped up as much as she could. Her cheeks inflated instantly, cum bursting from her nostrils before she withdrew, gagging and gurgling, open mouth sloshing with heavy cream. I gripped my cock and directed it down, aiming low and drenching the Latina’s rounded tits in hot, fresh jism.

Jenny gripped my cock and aimed it toward her face, opening her mouth and closing her eyes as ropes of thick, heavy cum-gunk coated her features in a criss-crossing pattern.

Then Crystal was leaning in again, slathering her lips over my erupting cockhead, catching a plume directly in the mouth, the force of my ejaculation snapping her head back as if she’d been struck by a heavyweight boxer.

“Oh my goddd,” they moaned, one after the other, as they both chewed and gargled heaping mouthfuls of my cum-loads, my cock blasting like a fountain all over the pool chair, the concrete, their faces, their tits. “Oh my fucking godd…”

They wagged their tongues, drooling cum all over themselves even as I waved my cock back and forth, painting both of their faces in turn, jism piling up in a sloppy heap over their eyes, their noses, flooding their mouths in a gooey, white-hot cavalcade, coiling up in the back of their throats and choking them.

I turned away from Crystal and Jenny’s moaning, facing Brianna, jerking my cock wildly, sending droplets of white cum flying everywhere as the final bursts of my climax gushed from my dick-head. She watched me with wild eyes, kneeling stock-still on a towel she’d laid down beside the pool. She was breathing hard, her ample chest rising and falling as she watched me step toward her.

“What… the fuck… are you?” she breathed, eyes locked on my cum-slathered, oversized cock.

“I’m your fucking Master,” I replied, lifting one foot and kicking her roughly in the

shoulder, knocking her onto her back. In an instant, I was on her, crouching down, straddling her. My cock was dribbling a steady stream of chunky white cum, pulsing with after-loads, looming over her, painting her shivering midriff with lines of raw cream.

I ripped the sky-blue bikini top away from her chest, spilling her two massive, fat tits out into the air, and my cock reacted to the sight by spurting a heavy rope of jelly-thick cream up over her face, making her flinch and squeal. Her tits were massive, nearly as big and fulsome as Stefanie's, with ruddy pink areolas and fat nipple buds. I gripped her tits, squashing them between my fingers, my hands sinking deep into the tittyflesh, disappearing up to the wrists.

I braced myself over her and drove my fat, throbbing meat deep into the space between her enormous breasts. Kneeling on either side of her ribcage, I squeezed her big jugs together around my shaft, squishing the river of goopy, leftover cream decorating her tits. I formed an amazing channel of wet warmth, of tight, jelly-wobbling softness, and plowed into it with abandon.

Brianna could only squeal, laying helplessly below me as I used her to get my rocks off.

The noises coming from her cleavage were lewd and wet — *squuuelch, slurrkk, sluckkkk* — punctuated by resonant slapping sounds each time my hips slammed into her voluminous underboobs. With each stroke I pumped my long pipe all the way into the tit-chasm I'd formed, with only my bulbous head emerging from the top — close enough to be in kissing distance of her glossy pink lips.

Eyes heavy-lidded and vacant, Brianna leaned forward and put a few wet, spit-soaked oral pops on my leaking knob, smacking her lips on my prickhead each time I pressed forward and withdrew. Strands of bubbly, glistening spit and heavy, chunky cock chowder connected her puffy lips with my dick tip, and her hips bucked as she came involuntarily just from having her tits fucked.

The warm, tight passage formed by her breasts was lubed up by my constant leakage of cum, causing my fuck-thrusts to go wild, battering the beautiful brunette cheerleader in the face, leaving behind flecks of garbage-stinking cock gunk. I drove myself deep and let her suck on my emerging knob for several seconds, and she bobbed her head on it indecently, craning her neck forward and slobbering all over the glans, making out sloppily with the foreskin. She was rubbing her own thighs together as she did, driven crazy by the constant friction and pressure against her hyper-sensitive titties.

I slammed my hips down as far as I could, slapping my heavy, sperm-laden balls against her chest, flattening her huge jugs beneath my weight. Then there was a gurgling, spurting sound as my cock, buried completely in her valley, spurted out a nasty, chunky rope of super-thick cream. My balls drew up against the base of my cock as I followed it with another, and another, and another, coating and filing the crevice between her massive fuckbags until it bubbled up from her airtight cleavage and exploded like a cum bomb in her face. I rose up on my knees, pushing forward so my cock would emerge again from her cleavage, and it spewed all over the senior girl's

face and mouth.

I grunted and a thick white worm of chunky hot semen spurted across her beautiful features, bisecting her face in a white line. The weight and heat of it were intense, and Brianna's head was knocked back by the force of his ejaculation. I wasn't finished, though — wad after wad blew all over her sweet, pretty face, leaving her wearing a thick mask of my cum. She moaned with pleasure and fastened her lips over my cockhead again, sucking until her cheeks were stuffed and inflated with my load once more.

When I finally withdrew, my cock slid wetly all the way out of her cleavage and she let her arms fall to her sides. Her enormous breasts, however, held their position, glued together by my loads, before slowly sliding apart to reveal a dense latticework of chunky, thick cum strands connecting each big, fat titty the other. She looked up at me, cum dripping heavily over her eyelashes, swishing and chewing all the semen in her mouth before parting her lips to show just how full she was. The amount of cum was enough to totally cover her tongue and most of her teeth, brimming at the corners of her mouth and slopping down over her cheeks.

I watched as she struggled to chew the dense jelly cum worms filling her mouth — they were so solid, so potent, so rich with sperm, that she really had to work to grind them down into pieces small enough to swallow.

Brianna opened her mouth again and gargled loudly, then leaned back and began to swallow — once, twice, three times. With each heavy gulp, her graceful neck bulged with the absurd amounts of sperm she was taking down into her already-full belly. I watched placidly as another hapless cheerleader chugged down my nut, once again affirming my power. A nagging itch in the back of my mind reminded me that I had raped these girls, that I had stolen their free will away by force, but I suppressed those feelings in favor of the embrace of all-consuming lust.

Crystal and Jenny crawled forward and descended on Brianna like jackals on a carcass, slurping up the ropes of fresh cum I'd spewed all over her enormous tits and face, humming and moaning appreciatively, writhing against her, kissing and slurping up the noodle-thick cum-ropes, feasting on my sperm.

My cock had remained rock-hard as I watched the erotic sight of three cheerleaders feeding hungrily on my jism, still jutting out obscenely from my body, still dribbling a continuous stream of thick, heavy cream. Brianna was lazily dredging handfuls of cum off her face, feeding the jelly-thick trails into her mouth and chewing contentedly, as Crystal and Jenny kissed and nipped around her titanic breasts, slurping up cum-worms mindless, slavishly.

"Now you're all gonna be my girlfriends, get it?" I asked, stroking my cum-slick cock once. The girls peered up at me with a faraway look, as if in a dream, drooling thick gummy worms of cum from between their lips

"Yes, Master," they said at last. "We'll be your girlfriends."

I grinned and reached forward, taking Crystal by the shoulder and beginning to turn her over onto her stomach. She understood what he wanted and went with it, flipping over and laying flat on her belly, her cum-drenched tits now squashed flat into the towel. Her big, fat bronze ass sloped up from the small of her back, the neon yellow bikini bottoms sinking deep into the crevice of her ass-crack, and I admired it for a moment as she lay there, munching leftover sperm like a cow with its cud.

I moved in, my hands reaching out to caress and squeeze each massive asscheek, cradling the twin hemispheres of bouncy, fatty flesh. Each cheek was more than I could grope with both hands, but I enjoyed myself by grabbing as much as I could and making them jiggle and clap together. Crystal lay still and let it happen, let her new Master use her body.

I pinned her down, groping her thick ass, making her cheeks bounce. I spanked her, again and again, watching pink handprints bloom on her tanned behind as she yelped and flinched. In one motion I ripped the bikini bottoms from her body, prying the thong out of her asscrack and tossing it aside. Then I was spreading her legs, making my intentions clear.

I held her down on the concrete, my hands gripping her wrists, her titties crushed beneath her. I was nudging my massive cock against her entrance, and I felt hot, gooey cum pulse over her labia before I started to spread her lips wide with my cockhead. She screamed at the horrendous intrusion, and I held her down, keeping her face pressed hard into the plush towel as she cried and wailed like an infant.

I knelt between her legs, my prick helmet lodged in her cunt, the rest of my massive shaft poised at a downward angle. With an animalistic grunt, I pushed downward with all my might, and her cunt lips hugged my fat dick as the tip disappeared inside, followed by several inches of veiny cockmeat.

There was a wet, thick sound as my monster shaft burrowed into Crystal's gushing pussy, stretching her wide as it had her jaw, forming an airtight seal as I plowed downwards. She whined, a pathetic, high sound, spasming as she was impaled.

I felt her insides shape and mold around my intruding cock. Inch after inch sank into her until I felt it pressing up against her cervix, stretching up toward her guts. God, the stretching. Her cunt wrapped around my pipe like a fleshy condom, nearly bursting with its size.

"*Aayyy, papi!*" she cried out deliriously.

I began to dip and raise my hips, pumping my girthy cock ever deeper inside her. Withdrawing... then driving it in again. Holding her by the hair only gave me more leverage to drill down further and further, carving out her wet, clenching snatch until I could finally go balls deep, my heavy sack slamming into her clit and the inside of her thighs with a loud *plap* as I hilted myself at last, forcing more than a foot of dense, diamond-hard cockmeat into her body.

Crystal's eyes rolled back and she moaned incomprehensibly, drooling freely. She moaned, long and low, like an animal. No longer able to think.

"Ffuhhhh muhhhh!!" she babbled, eyes unfocused, tongue lolling out as though she was having a seizure. "Ummmuuu.... Duhhhh!!"

I shoved her face down hard into the towel, adjusting my position so I was simply lying on top of her and fucking her with long, hard thrusts of my hips, digging deep, making her ass clap with each bounce. The sight of that massive, fat, beach-ball-sized ass in front of me, compressing and then exploding into an endless jiggling dance with every thrust, nearly made me cum on the spot.

"Nuuuuannnnghhh!" she groaned, thrashing under me, but I held her in place and kept fucking her, her screams reaching a higher and higher pitch as I railed her out.

I slid my hands under her armpits and grasped her shoulders from below, giving me better leverage to hammer-fuck her mercilessly, jerking her back and forth like a sex toy, like a human fleshlight, only good for jacking off my massive, prong-like donkey dick. It slammed into her again and again like a fencepost, bruising her insides, her staccato grunts and gasps underscored by the humiliating wet farting noise of my cock hammering home into her tight cunt again and again. I used her as my personal fuck-sleeve, pushing her down and exploding forward, enjoying the wet, velvet- textured insides of her molten snatch, the way the sucking membrane of her insides seemed to slurp and grasp at my shaft on the way out, hugging me, not letting me go.

"Guh-awwhhh!" she cried, cumming powerfully, twitching and shivering in my grip. My hips bounced, cock plunging in and out of her gushing, soupy cunt with reckless abandon as I yanked her backwards over and over again. Her jiggling backside supported me I moaned into her back, practically surfing on her body. Her ass clapped beneath me incessantly, *plapp plapp plapp plapp plapp!!* as her cheeks wobbled and smacked against each other, rippling like waves on the ocean with every thrust.

The curvy, dummy-thick Latina lay motionless, tongue out, eyes empty, cheek pressed to the ground, a shuddering doll for me to fuck. Her cunt lips clung wetly to my penetrating shaft as it pistoned in and out, in and out, stretching away from her body with each stroke and plunging deep with each thrust. She burped and found her mouth full of regurgitated cum from deep in her bloated stomach. Mindlessly, she let it ooze and drool from between her glossy pink lips, staining the towel.

"Gettin' close," I grunted, his thrusts accelerating as he lost all control, giving myself over to animal urges, his hips bucking wildly, seemingly of their own accord.

"Cum inside me, *papi*," Crystal moaned hoarsely. "Blow your fucking load, daddy… fuck a baby into me…"

"No, give *us* your load, Master," Jenny urged, crawling toward me, Brianna right behind her, faces hungry for more cream.

“Shut up,” I sneered slapping Jenny away, sending her tumbling backward into the pool with a loud splash. I held Crystal close, rearing back and hilting myself one final time and gasping in release.

I buried myself as deep as I could and the tip of his dick exploded for the third time in an hour, dousing her cunt with an outpouring of thick, clumpy, curdled cum. Crystal gurgled like a mind-broken sack of garbage, and somehow I could hear it from deep within her, a sickening *spluuuoooorrrt* as white-hot gouts of coagulated, sperm-dense, jelly-thick semen filled her in an instant.

My balls hitched, flexing and twitching as they discharged their hyper-potent load into her fertile womb. Crystal couldn’t speak, couldn’t think, couldn’t tell where one searing jet of cum ended and other began... it was endless, as if I was simply pissing an infinite, white-hot beam of jism into her deepest recesses, filling her like a toothpaste tube.

I fired rope after rope of cement-thick jism until it started to squirt out around the sides of his cock, but I still kept cumming, unloading my nuts into her. I yanked her hair back, staring into her beautiful brown eyes as I hilted myself, cumming, spurting, shooting deep into her.

I perched on top of her twitching body for more than five minutes, ejaculating again and again, my body hitching as I dumped more and more sperm-laden super-semen into my new girlfriend. Her ass was a thick, jelly-soft cushion and I savored the feeling of squashing it beneath my weight, pancaking her cheeks. My chowder white fluids erupted from within her, spurting out around the airtight seal my cock made inside her ruined pussy and spraying out all over her thighs. Crystal was limp, twitching and grunting as a cascade of hot, porridge-thick spunk splattered over the towel, oozing out like molasses from a tapped keg.

When I finally released her and began to dismount, my prick disgorged a torrent of rancid-smelling cum from within her that gushed onto the carpet as I shuffled backwards. Crystal remained splayed out on the ground, her body quaking with aftershock orgasms. Her cunt belched out load after load as she mewled pathetically, her fat ass quivering and jiggling.

Brianna was on my dick almost immediately, feverishly sucking and slurping the final spurts and dollops of my orgasm, kneeling before me, beginning the cycle anew. I breathed a sigh of contentment, placing one hand on the top of her head, guiding her. I looked over at Alana, who watched hungrily from the pool chair, fingering herself at the sight. I nodded. She’d done well. Very well.

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The rest of the afternoon into the evening was a non-stop blur of fucking, one orgasm melding into the next as I emptied load after load into my new cheerleader sluts. I felt total dominance, a supreme thrill beyond even the ecstatic rush of orgasm, as I claimed them, seeding their wombs one by one, making them all my slaves.

We took breaks to cool off in the pool between rounds, then moved inside when it got dark, turning the living room into a hot and steamy fuck-nest. I put porn on the TV and bent Alana over the back of the couch, fucking up into her, making her scream.

At one point we FaceTimed Crystal's boyfriend while I was balls-deep in her ass, and she called him a faggot, a cuck, a pathetic loser as I wrenched another mind-bending orgasm from her nubile body. He hung up, tears in his eyes, as Crystal cackled and encouraged me onward.

"Fuck my ass… deeper.. more cum… Spank me… Harder… Drown me in it, Master… More…"

I remember Brianna choking, her face turning blue as my cock ransacked her throat, her gasps for breath providing the most excellent sensations on my tortured pole. Cum shooting through her nostrils as it continued to gush forth before she passed out and I moved on to the next girl in line.

By the time I had fucked the last girl into a brain-dead stupor, they were all coated almost completely, inside and out. There was physically no other way I could fuck them. I pulled my iron-hard cock out of Alana's throat and watched her vomit cum back up all over her tits before casting her aside, letting her fall to the floor in a crumpled heap.

I collapsed on the couch, my cock still spurting jets of warm cum over my chest and stomach. I sighed at the waste, but truly my thoughts were elsewhere.

I looked around. Four cheerleaders lay about me, sleeping soundly like house-pets. My powers had enabled me to turn my deepest fantasies into reality. There was no limit to what I could accomplish. School no longer had any meaning to me except as a hunting ground. But my true ambitions lay elsewhere, I knew that now.

On the TV, pornstar Angela White squeezed her huge tits around a cock and grinned as it spit up its load, dispatching a few meager ropes onto her gorgeous face. She cooed appreciatively, smiling for the camera.

My cock twitched and drooled in sympathy.

Chapter 20:
Miss Shen

I went to school the next Monday thrumming with energy. I'd been on a nonstop tear of conquests over the past three weeks — taking first Madison, then Alana and her mother Lori on the same day, and then finally the trio of cheerleaders joined my willing harem of devoted fuck-slaves.

I don't know if I can properly explain the feeling as I subjugated one luscious, fuckable woman after the other. I'm sure my own mind was being warped by the experience — my sexual awakening had brought with it verifiable proof that free will itself was an

illusion, something I could subvert and bend to my whims… And every action I took, no matter how amoral or depraved, was rewarded. I no longer saw women as people. How could I? They were things, property to be owned. And every load I pumped into my increasingly mind-fucked cadre of sluts — every glorious, soul-rending climax — was answered with a sincere “Thank you, Master.”

Sitting through algebra class on the daily had become a regular act of torture during this time. Miss Shen, one of my earliest crushes, had remained untouched during my recent… exploits. And so I had to sit in class, my cock throbbing beneath my desk, pulsing with ominous potential, as I watched her strut around at the front of the room, scribbling linear equations on the board, solving for *x.*

Sophie Shen was Chinese-American, beautiful, with delicate features and a toned and voluptuous body she hid beneath pencil skirts and tight blouses. Her dark hair was usually pinned back in a tight bun, black-rimmed glasses perched on her nose as she peered down at us with dark brown eyes.

Finally, I had decided enough was enough. I knew that Miss Shen had a free period after our class. And I knew that our classroom would be unoccupied until two periods later, when Mr. Moore’s Pre-Calc Trig class came in.

So, as the bell rang and class ended, and the other students started filing out, I walked up toward the front of the room to talk to Miss Shen while she gathered her papers, stuffing them into her shoulder bag.

She had dressed that day in a white silk blouse and a black pencil skirt that ended midway down her thigh. I ran my eyes over the curve of her breast, the blouse clinging to her form, as I approached. Just a hint of cleavage on display.The hump of her tight ass behind her, the flare of her hips. Her hair, pulled back tight in a bun, but with a lock in the front free, dangling along the side of her porcelain face. My cock was stiff in my pants, torturously hard. Ready.

“Miss Shen,” I started. “Can I talk to you for a second?”

“Hm?” She turned, glancing down at me through her glasses. “Yes, what is it, Miles?”

“I just… wasn’t getting some of that stuff in the last unit, and I… I was hoping you could maybe help… guide me through it a bit?”

I relaxed, letting arousal rush through my body, my desire for my teacher kicking my pheromones into overdrive. I pictured a heady cloud of musk following me like a thunderstorm as I faced the beautiful older woman beside her desk. To my right, the last students filtered out of the classroom, the door swinging shut behind them. A small rectangular window gave a view out into the bustling hall as kids rushed to their next class.

“I have office hours seventh and eighth periods every Tuesday and Thursday,” Miss Shen replied breezily. “You can sign up outside my office. What’s giving you trouble

specifically?"

"I just… feel like I need more practice on the stuff were were doing today," I shrugged, moving closer. "I don't know if I'm… getting it."

"Well, we can run through a few exercises that you can practice," she said, brushing a strand of hair out of her face. She sniffed, once, and I smiled.

"Why don't we just practice *now?"* I asked, moving in closer. "I mean, do you have somewhere to be?"

"I have exams to grade and a lesson plan to work out for next week," she said, smiling politely. "I need to get going, Miles."

She reached out and caressed my face gently, without thinking, then swiftly withdrew as he realized she'd crossed a line by touching me so intimately. I saw a look of confusion pass over her beautiful face.

"I'm, uh… I apologize," she said, blushing deeply. "I don't know why I did that."

So it wasn't just my imagination. I'd felt that ever since my newfound powers manifested, my beautiful algebra teacher had been acting… differently toward me. I was in her class every day. Repeated exposure to my musk. It had to be having an effect by now. She'd just demonstrated it.

"It's okay," I said, smiling gently at her. "I don't mind."

"That was inappropriate," she said nervously. "I should go. I need to go, Miles."

"No," I replied simply. "Stay."

She looked confused again, frustrated… but she stayed locked in place, feet rooted beside her desk in black stiletto pumps.

"Are you okay?" I asked, moving closer. Uncomfortably close now. She would feel that, and I saw it register on her face.

"S-sorry, Miles," she stammered. "I'm just having a little trouble… focusing, I think. It's been a long day."

"Are you married, Miss Shen?" I asked innocently. My cock was straining inside my trousers, eager to burst free.

"I have a… fiancé," she replied sheepishly, as if she knew she shouldn't be telling me this.

Not for the first time, I marveled as I watched my powers take hold of an adult woman. Miss Shen couldn't be any older than 30, but still… She was in a whole other league, even from the beautiful cheerleaders and senior girls I'd seduced. She was an adult,

she stood apart. A figure of authority. Now I knew, that authority truly meant nothing.

“Do you love him?” I asked, reaching out to run my hand gently along her upper arm. She bristled, but didn’t step away.

“Yes, I…” She hesitated. “Of course.”

“But you fantasize about your students sometimes, don’t you Miss Shen?”

“Miles,” she said sternly. “That’s… not appropriate to talk about. I don’t…”

“You can admit it,” I said. “I know you think about me sometimes. I’ve seen the way you look at me. Especially… recently.”

She was silent, looking at me with a panicked expression on her face, her cheeks flushing hot pink.

“Admit it,” I said.

“I…” Her lips moved but no words came out. The room was very quiet. The warning bell announced that the passing period would soon end and the next period would begin.

“You dream that I’ll take you, that I’ll fuck you,” I hissed. “You feel it deep inside… a base urge to breed, to submit…”

“Stop,” she pleaded. “Please, shut up…”

“Maybe you seduce me,” I mused. “Or maybe I hold you down and rape you before I seed your cunt…”

She reacted reflexively to my foul language, slapping me across the face.

SMAKK!!

Before I could recover, she had gathered her bag and marched toward the door. My eyes followed her plump ass as she fled, casting one desperate and fearful glance over her shoulder before she pushed the door open and disappeared out into the hall.

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I cursed my luck. I’d been too forward, too confident in my powers. I hadn’t encountered resistance like this before, even from a grown woman like Lori. I felt a deep terror at the potential consequences of my actions, as I realized it was now within Miss Shen’s power to go to the school administrators and have me expelled — or worse — for what I had done.

I began to spiral, worrying that the jig was finally up. I would be investigated, my parents would be notified, and everything I’d done would be uncovered, my hopes and schemes for the future dashed. Worst of all, I had ruined my relationship with Miss Shen, foiling

any chances I might have had to enjoy her body, to make her mine.

I slunk into algebra class on Wednesday with my head hung in shame and sank into my desk. When I finally looked up from my notebook and saw Miss Shen preparing a set of equations on the board, I felt a sudden rush of excitement.

The normally conservative math teacher was dressed differently. It was a subtle but marked difference, and I wondered if any of the other students noticed. Gone was the silky white blouse and pencil skirt. Today Miss Shen was wearing a figure-hugging black minidress, maybe the same dress she'd worn at the Homecoming dance, when I'd noticed her in the auditorium acting as a chaperone.

The dress was tight, emphasizing the curves of her petite body, a low-cut front revealing impressive cleavage, sinking low in the rear, exposing a broad expanse of her back, hugging the scoops of her round bubble-butt, descending only halfway down her thighs, ending far above her knees. Her hair was still pinned back, but today it was a messier bun, more strands and tresses falling around her face, framing her pretty face and black-rimmed glasses.

My eyes were locked on her body as she scribbled equations, ass swaying back and forth, her naked back on full display. I felt myself thrumming with lust, my cock jumping up to tent in my pants, pressing against the underside of my desk aggressively.

Class went on as usual. No one commented on Miss Shen's dress, and her behavior wasn't out of the ordinary… though I did notice she seemed to avoid looking at me for the duration of the period. Then, at the end of class as the bell rang and the students around me jumped to life, cramming their books and graphing calculators back in their bags, I got my answer.

"Miles, could you please stay with me after class for a moment?" she asked, casually packing her own bag, tossing a whiteboard marker in with her lesson plans.

The class emptied, the door swinging shut behind them, and Miss Shen and I were alone. I sat, glued in my desk, unmoving. I wasn't sure exactly what she was planning. For all I knew, she was about to inform me that she'd gone to the relevant authorities and that I was about to be expelled for sexual harassment.

I couldn't take my eyes off the sway of her hips as she strutted down the row towards my desk. She removed her glasses and clipped them on the front of her dress, emphasizing the low-cut scoop-neck and the shelf of pale cleavage on display, tits jiggling pleasantly with each step, heels clicking on the tile floor.

"Miss Shen, I… About Monday…" I started, haltingly.

"Shh," she said, putting a finger to her pursed, pouting lips. She stood beside my desk, one hand on her hip, cocked to the side. She looked down at me, eyebrows arched, considering me. The silence was tense.

“You’ve always been a good student, Miles,” she began. “I thought you were… a nice boy.”

“I… I…” I didn’t know what to say.

“The things you said to me after class… You know you could be in big trouble for that, right?”

I nodded.

“You know I could talk to Vice Principal Mullen… Or I could call your parents, get them involved. Your future here at the Keystone Academy… could be cast into doubt.”

I looked her up and down, appreciating her outfit, ogling her body shamelessly. She noticed this and smirked a little, and I felt my cock throb painfully in my trousers, overcome by the feeling as this woman lorded her authority over me. It was not a feeling I’d experienced a lot in recent months, the feeling of being dominated by a female. I couldn’t quite figure out her game. But I knew that even at that moment, my pheromones were reaching out, infecting her again, taking hold of her higher brain functions, clouding her mind. stoking her lusts, her desires.

“And what do you think they would say… if I told them you had slapped me in the face?” I asked smugly. “I don’t think Vice Principal Mullen would approve of that…”

She chuckled, then put her hands on my desk and bent at the waist, looming over me, her breasts hanging down. I had to struggle not to stare directly ahead into her deep cleavage. She was teasing me. The bitch was playing with me! She wanted it. I swelled with triumph.

“I think maybe if they heard some of the things you said to me… They’d agree you deserved a little smack,” she said, smirking.

“Oh yeah? What kind of things? What did I say?” I asked, leaning forward as she bent down over my desk toward me, her face hovering less than a foot in front of mine.

“You said… You were going to fuck me,” she hissed, lips forming the words carefully, savoring each syllable. “You said you were going to hold me down and rape me, then seed my… cunt…”

“Uh-huh,” I nodded.

“What does a little boy… like you… know about such things?” she asked hotly. She was breathing heavily, nostrils flaring as she sniffed the air, inhaling my scent, my musk, my pheromones, each breath weakening her resolve.

“I think you’d like to find out what I know,” I said, leaning closer. Our faces were inches apart.

“You’re not a good boy at all… are you?” she asked, a lustful challenge in her eyes.

I grinned, moving forward the last few necessary inches and pressing my mouth to hers. My hand came up, gingerly cupping her chin as I kissed her hard, mouth open. I tilted my head and my tongue pushed past hers, and the older woman moaned as the kiss deepened. We made out sloppily, tongues dancing, mouths parting and joining again and again.

“I thought you said… you loved your fiancé,” I said between hungry, searching kisses.

“I *do*… this is so wrong,” she answered meekly. “But I can’t stop… thinking about you…”

My hand drifted from her chin down to the front of her dress, tracing a line over the curve of one sizable breast, fingertip catching briefly on the low-cut neckline of her dress. My hand spread, groping her tit shamelessly, and she gasped. I palmed her chest roughly, appreciating the firmness, the jelly-softness.

All at once she collapsed to her knees on the floor beside my desk, embracing me, pulling herself closer, kissing me deeply, desperately, lovingly. Her hands cradled my face, then ran down my neck to my shoulders, over my chest, down my sides… until one hand slipped under the desk and found the tented bulge in my trousers, her fingers passing over the solid mass of my straining hard-on. She gasped at the scale of it, her fingertips tracing along its edge, seeking the end of the tube-snake length of rock-hard meat until she found the ridge of my cockhead down near my knee.

She broke the kiss and looked me in the eyes wordlessly, and I gazed back at her calmly, confidently. She shivered with fear, arousal, anticipation. I used my free hand to unbutton my pants, then slowly, agonizingly, I pulled the zipper fly down. The lap of my pants rose, the bulge below my gray cotton briefs swelling menacingly, and Miss Shen’s eyes darted down to my crotch. Her fingertips were rubbing slowly, insistently, along the rigid length of pipe running down my leg.

“This is… we shouldn’t… I could lose my job for this,” she breathed, looking up with guilty eyes.

“Then why don’t you just leave?” I sneered.

She couldn’t answer, and we both knew it. Her hand was creeping up, to the open zipper fly of my pants, slipping into the warmth within. With just the thinnest cotton material of my underwear separating my skin from hers, her hand spread around the girth root of my prick. Her fingers couldn’t even fully encircle the shaft but her hand moved back and forth, stroking it, moving further down.

“You fucking slut,” I hissed as she slowly jerked me off, kneeling beside my desk. She flinched at the insult and blushed, unable to hold my gaze. “You *should* lose your fucking job… You deserve it…”

“It’s true,” she whimpered. “I’m so fucked up…”

Her hand slipped under the waistband of my boxers, her cool fingers finding the warm, pulsing flesh of my cock at last. I groaned slightly as she stroked it, then she began to pull it out, hauling the massive serpent out of my trousers inch by inch. I turned in my desk to make it easier for her to get it out, and her jaw dropped as the full size and shape of it became apparent — more than a foot of smooth, veiny dick, a hefty slab of cockmeat with only one purpose.

As the full length hit the open air, a waft of undiluted cock scent washed over her face, her eyelids fluttering, and I knew she was doomed. I wasn’t even fully erect yet, but as she watched, my tool straightened and grew, cordlike veins pulsing down the sides. She excavated my two swollen, bloated balls next, pulling them out one by one, each testicle larger than her own fist. My cock rose from my lap like an obscene, iron-hard girder, and she took it in hand and began jacking me off with long, deliberate strokes.

“Yeah, like that,” I saiid simply.

She stroked harder, the fat meat in her fingers throbbing with painful need, and my hips bucked up once, involuntarily. As I watched, my gorgeous math teacher spit heavily onto my shaft to lubricate it, staring in wonder at the bulbous cockhead, strangled by a fleshy foreskin, as a bead of molasses-thick pre-cum oozed up out of my piss-slit. I hissed with lust.

“Anyone could walk in right now,” I said, glancing at the door as she jacked me off.

“I know… it’s so bad,” she nodded, not taking her eyes off my prick.

“What if your fiancé saw you right now?” I crowed. “What do you think he’d say?”

“He’d be… disgusted,” she admitted, her hand making lewd, wet sounds on my turgid shaft — *shlup, shlek, shlurkk.* “He’d call me… a cheating whore… a kiddy-loving… pedo slut…”

I put my hand on my teacher’s head and guided her face down to smear my weeping cockhead on her cheek. She passively let me mop her face with my enormous dick, the image of the prim, conservative schoolteacher melting into a delectable fantasy, a thirsty and pliable whore for my free use. I dragged her face up and down my cock, then shoved her down into my bulging scrotum, where I knew the overpowering stench of my musk was strongest. She drank it in, inhaling deeply as she drove her nose into my bloated ballsack, her eyes rolling back as she sniffled.

“F-fuck, Miles, you’re such a stud,” she moaned. “Your cock smells incredible… and these huge balls… I can’t even imagine how much cum must be sloshing around in these nuts…”

I pulled her back up to face me, my cock pressing heavily against her cleavage, and she looked at me with drowsy, glazed-over eyes. Without warning, I reared back and

smacked her hard.

SLAPP!!

She yelped and tumbled sideways to the floor, a pink handprint blooming on her cheek.

“That was payback,” I said, grasping my cock and forcing it back into my underwear, then beginning to zip up my pants. “I owed you one. Remember what that feels like, bitch.”

“I don’t… understand…” she whimpered, cradling her face gingerly, blinking back tears. “Why…?”

I finished buttoning my pants up and stood, collecting my backpack.

“Friday,” I murmured, looking her up and down. “After class. We’ll finish this then.”

“Nuh-no, no, wait,” she pleaded, scrambling up onto her knees, tugging at my shirt. “Miles, p-please… wait… I need you… I’ll do anything…”

I smirked, satisfied at having completely crushed whatever feeling of superiority Miss Shen had once had.

“I like the dress,” I said, looking down at her pathetic, pleading face. “But on Friday, I want you to dress… even sexier. Wear something… your fiancé would be ashamed to see you in.”

Her whole body quivered with unspeakable desire as she accepted my orders, completely humbled. I had shown her just how much control she had. None.

“O-okay,” she said, nodding shakily, biting her lip. “Okay, Miles.”

“Sir,” I corrected her.

“Yes, sir,” she said, head bowed.

I turned and headed for the door.

———

I showed up to algebra class on Friday buzzing with anticipation… and Miss Shen didn’t disappoint.

She had dressed in a slutty parody of her usual, more conservative attire. She wore a white blouse but she had rolled up her sleeves and it was tied up tight beneath her breasts, exposing her midriff, and it mostly hung open in the front, unbuttoned, revealing the full expanse of her cleavage and hints of the black lacy bra within. She wore a short, pleated plaid miniskirt, something that looked like it came from a cheap “Sexy Schoolgirl” Halloween costume, falling only an inch or so below her round, firm ass, with

knee-high socks and platform stiletto heels. Most enticingly, her dark hair was pulled up in pigtails with pink ribbons streaming from them, and her makeup was heavily applied, with dark eyeshadow, deep rouge, and smoky red lipstick emphasizing the fulness of her shapely lips. She wore no glasses that day.

Class that day was awkward, as students definitely noticed her change in appearance but no one seemed to have the guts to ask what it was about. She taught class much as usual, though she seemed distracted. At one point she walked by my desk and absent-mindedly dropped her whiteboard marker, then bent deep at the waist to retrieve it from the floor, treating me to an unobstructed view of her ass and the lacy black thong between her round cheeks.

By the end of the period I was rock-hard and practically vibrating in my seat. So… this was it. It had taken a full week to break her down, but I was on the cusp of enjoying my lovely algebra teacher, debasing her, degrading her, and enslaving her. It had been worth it, I realized, for this moment.

When the bell rang and period ended, Miss Shen and I locked eyes. She stood by her desk, twirling one pigtail between her fingers, the other hand tucked under her chest, bolstering her ample bosom. As the other kids uneasily filed past her, exiting the classroom hurriedly, I could see her chest rising and falling, breathing heavily, tits jiggling. She left her papers and her bag on the desk behind her.

I slid out from my desk, my pants tenting obscenely in front of me, and I saw her eyes drift down and lock onto my bulging crotch. My cock was granite-hard and painful in my trousers, and I massaged it as I walked up to the front of the room, the last students exiting, leaving Miss Shen and me alone… except for one other student.

Tyler Morse, a mousy freshman, was standing awkwardly beside the desk as I approached.

“Miss Shen?” he asked, voice cracking. “I was… I had some questions about the homework and I was hoping I could…”

“Office hours are seventh and eighth period, every Tuesday and Thursday,” she murmured, not taking her eyes off me.

“O-okay,” Tyler said, shifting nervously. “It’s just that I don’t know if I’m really getting quadratic equations, and I…”

“Tyler,” Miss Shen said, eyes roving over my body. “Get the fuck out.”

The other boy gasped, looked at me in shock, and then scurried past Miss Shen toward the door, disappearing out into the hallway.

“So,” Miss Shen began, a mischievous smirk on her face. “Do you like my outfit?

I didn’t answer, instead letting my eyes travel over her body, blatantly ogling her as I

evaluated the ensemble, massaging my firm cock through my pants. The teacher arched her back for me, pushing her chest out, causing her cleavage to nearly spill out of her loosely tied blouse.

“Not bad,” I finally said, enjoying the flicker of apprehension on her beautiful face. “You followed my instructions. Did your fiancé see you? What did he say?”

I stepped closer, brazenly unbuttoning my pants before her. Her jaw dropped as I lowered the zipper, smirking up at her.

“We… had a fight this morning,” she said nervously, biting her lip, casting her eyes down to the floor. “He told me I couldn’t come to school dressed this way… I told him he couldn’t tell me what to do…”

I grinned, thrilling as a grown woman detailed how her allegiance to me was tearing her relationship apart.

“And he probably just let you leave, like the limp-dick faggot he is, didn’t he?” I sneered.

She hesitated, then nodded.

“I texted him when I got to school… and told him there was somebody else,” she breathed, shuddering.

The final bell rang and the hall outside went quiet, a chorus of classroom doors closing as the next period began. Miss Shen and I were alone. The door remained unlocked, and any passerby could see us and walk right in, but I didn’t give a fuck anymore. I knew my future was no longer bound up in my success at the Keystone Academy.

With my pants now fully open, I began to slide down the waistband of my underwear, bringing the root of a very hard, very large cock into view. Miss Shen, could only watch, breathing shakily.

The waistband went down inch by inch and the teacher whimpered involuntarily, pathetically. What she saw was a massive slab of smooth, hairless flesh, bulging with cable-thick veins. The gray, cotton briefs came down… and down… and down… Finally, as it came into full view she couldn’t help but gasp.

As thick around as my wrist, it hung down almost to my knee, hardening in fits and jerks, growing larger still, rising to point accusingly at her. The foreskin-wrapped head dripped thick, viscous pre-cum, and the girthy shaft glistened with sweat. Large, swollen balls hung like gourds at the base. Her mouth dropped open in utter shock.

It rose to attention, swinging side to side like a snake tasting the air, seeking its prey. Miss Shen’s ass was pressed hard against her desk, with nowhere else to go as I stepped closer. At this range, my musk would be saturated and thick, at full power, and any resistance or misgivings Miss Shen may yet have harbored would crumble like a sandcastle in the surf.

She looked down again at my fat cock as it lifted up toward her. The bulbous head was nearly completely encased in foreskin, but it peeled back slowly as my dick reached full, unencumbered extension, drooling pre-nut hanging off the crown like spittle in a rabid dog's mouth.

"F-fuck, it's huge…" she moaned. "And it stinks… So bad… I feel like it's… fucking up my brain!"

"Touch it," I ordered her brusquely. The command was lewd, disgusting… illegal. To touch a student this way, even when he wanted it… It could get her fired from the school, end her professional career.

She leaned forward, hand outstretched as if to shake my hand. I took it and guided it to my massive cock, enjoying the look of acceptance on her beautiful face. My cock was firm and hot to the touch… powerfully rigid, though the skin enveloping the shaft was soft and smooth. The veins pulsed rhythmically against her palm as she took me in hand. She cooed in admiration, beginning a gentle back-and-forth stroking immediately.

"Good girl," I said.

With ridiculous ease, I reached up and gripped the front of her silk top. Then I yanked it wide, spilling Miss Shen's impressive cleavage into the air, revealing the lacy, luxurious black bra, tearing the white blouse to the side and baring her entire torso to me.

I pulled her down to kiss me, mashing my lips against her own. She did not resist… she just opened her lips and moaned into me. My tongue lanced out, claiming her mouth, and she licked and sucked it instinctually as it pumped in and out, showing me that she was ready — ready to surrender, ready for me. I made out sloppily with my longtime crush, biting her lower lip, licking her cheek, drooling onto her heavily. When I broke the kiss, I cradled her head in one hand. Her eyes were crossed and half-lidded, giving her a brainless and mind-fucked look.

"Miles…" she murmured quietly.

"Sophie," I responded, using her first name.

My hand found her chest squeezed, groping one heaving breast through the lacy material of her bra. She moaned as I pawed her, and I smiled.

"You're mine now," I said. "You belong to me. You will be my slave… my slut.. forever. This is your true purpose in life, the reason you were put on this Earth. Do you understand, Sophie?"

"Yesss," she breathed, but I knew she understood very little in that moment. If she knew she was truly giving away her life, her willpower, her soul, for all time, maybe she would have fought a little harder. Maybe she could have held on, instead of submitting so

quickly. But the effects of my pheromones had taken hold already, built up over the course of weeks at this point, and she didn't stand a chance. Her hand found my prick again and resumed stroking, centering right behind the ridge of my cockhead, as I mashed and kneaded her tits through the bra. Her eyes rolled back in utter depraved lust.

I slipped my fingers under the bra cups and yanked them down, spilling her naked titties out into the open air. They were firm and ripe, perfectly teardrop-shaped, and they bounced and jostled wonderfully before my eyes, two full DD-cup breasts, pale porcelain with ruddy, caramel-colored nipples.

Getting my fingers on her puffy nipples, I pinched, twisted… then really dug in. Sophie's eyes fogged over and she whimpered. I smacked one of her tits, and her blatant moan of lust was clear. I grinned and smacked the other, laughing as I abused the teacher in her own classroom. Her huge, soft tits jiggled and jostled back and forth.

I leaned forward and buried my face in her cleavage, and she sighed, holding onto the back of my head. I kept groping her, then I grunted and latched onto a nipple and begin to suck. Sophie hissed from the sensation, letting go of my cock and pulling me closer to her. My cock slid between her thighs, lifting her skirt, and she rubbed her legs together around my length and felt me thrust back against her and groan, still nursing heavily from her tits.

"Fuck me," she gasped in a high, breathy voice. "Take me, Miles, make me yours… I want you… I want you…"

I detached from her breast, strings of saliva connecting my lips to her tortured nipple. I leaned over and sucked the other tit, slapping and squeezing them both until she screamed, then I pulled back again and looked up at her with dead seriousness.

"Say it, Sophie. Say you want to be my slave. Beg me… to be your Master."

"Please," she said without hesitation. "Please, let me be your slave, Miles. Please, I need… I need my Master!"

Wordlessly, I pulled back and took her by the arms, flipping her and pushing her down hard on the desk. She bent compliantly at the waist, thrusting her ass back at me. I flipped her miniskirt up, thrilling at the view of her ass. I slipped her lacy underwear to the side and spanked her, hard, watching her asscheek quiver and a red handprint bloom on the smooth, pale flesh.

I bent over her, breathing heavily, my cock now firmly enmeshed in the deep valley of her ass-crack.

"Do it," Sophie cooed. "Fuck me… Destroy me with your big, beautiful dick… Make me into your fucking slut…"

I positioned my prick at the wet, pulpy folds of her entrance, swiping her labia with my gooey mess, pulsing syrup-thick pre-cum in a near-constant stream. Then I simply plunged into her, ramming forward and sliding the first third of my dick fully into her steaming cunt.

“Guh-awwwh!!” she cried. She came instantly, powerfully, pussy wrapping tightly around my length, wanting more inches, wanting to take every bit of that cock. I grabbed her head by the pigtails and began humping against her, hilting myself fully and then beginning a brutal fucking rhythm, making her cheeks clap against my hips with every thrust.

“Oh, Miles! Fuck me! I can feel it stretching me!” she cried. I could feel the blunt end of my cock battering the entrance to her womb, pushing up against her guts, reshaping her love-canal around my insane girth. I realized people in adjacent classrooms would probably be able to hear her screams through the walls, but I was beyond caring.

She moaned for more with every thrust. Her brow was sticky with sweat, stray hairs clinging to her wet face, as she bit her lip and grunted. I reared back and spanked her again hard, a loud *THWACK!!* filing the room as her ass jiggled below me. She rocked her hips back into me, begging for more with her body… and I complied. I got a tighter grip on her pigtails, pulling them like the reins of a horse, and she arched her back, doing her best to twerk against me while widening her stance, opening herself to allow me in, deeper.

My cocktip speared past her cervix and into her womb. Sophie wailed, turning her head to look back at me. Hair plastered her face, her tits squashed into pancakes against the hard surface of the desktop. My cock sloshed and squelched in her wet pussy with lewd, liquid sounds that thrilled me even more. Her face was a mask of pure joy as I drove deeper and deeper inside, my bloated ballsack flopping against her thighs and sometimes directly against her clit.

“F-fuck me… like a bitch,” she moaned. “Use me like your… personal cumdump…”

“I’m gonna make you my cumtank, you stupid whore,” I grunted, teeth bared. “Gonna blow my load inside and make you mine… forever!”

“Ooouhh… fuck yesss,” she babbled, a depraved shell of her former self. “Empty your big, juicy teenage balls in my pussy! Nut in me raw!”

I reveled in the filthy talk, living out a real-life version of a fantasy I’d held since the first day of school.This sick thrill only made me crazier with lust, and I hilted myself balls-deep as Sophie pushed her ass back against me.

She gasped, moaned, and thrashed on the desk, knocking her lesson plans to the floor in a shuffled scattering of pages. Her eyes bugged out and she made a choked noise like a woman having a seizure as I lay on top of her, balls-deep, holding her there. She foamed at the mouth and her eyes rolled back to the whites.

“Fuuuuuck, yes!” she gurgled, her voice cracking and broken. “Fucking rape me! Nnngh! I’m getting my pussy wrecked by a kid… and I fucking love it!!”

My hips bounced off her toned ass, cock plunging in and out of her gushing, soupy cunt with reckless abandon.

“Ngawwhh! I’m ruined! Fuck me up! Tear apart my guts! Dump your nasty boy cum into my fucked-up cunt!” She groaned, cumming in rapid-fire bursts. She squirted, blubbering incomprehensibly, and collapsed under me, laying motionless, tongue out, eyes empty, cheek pressed to the desktop.

When I finally buried myself as deep as I could and began to cum, Sophie Shen gurgled like the mind-broken bitch I knew she was. I perched on top of her ass for more than five minutes, ejaculating again and again into my new slave. I knew the effects would be immediate, that even as I flooded her cunt, I was drowning what remained of her old personality. The chemicals in my jelly-thick semen would enslave her permanently and irreversibly, addicting her to me. It would rewrite her brain chemistry, causing her to imprint on me like a baby bird on its mother. She would still remember her old life, but it would have no meaning to her anymore as my pleasure became her top priority, as my will superseded her own.

As I filled her up completely, my chowdery white fluids began to erupt and spray out over her thighs, spurting out around the airtight seal my cock made against her shamefully stretched cunt lips. Sophie was limp, twitching and spasming as a cascade of hot, porridge-thick semen splattered down the front of her desk and onto the classroom floor.

I yanked her head up by the pigtails and her body rose bonelessly, her face dazed and empty, tits spread out below her on the desk. I kissed her and she let it happen, mumbling something incoherently into my mouth.

I dismounted from my newest slave, my long prick disgorging a torrent of sweet-smelling cum from within her that splashed to the floor as I stepped back. Sophie remained splayed out on the desk, her body quaking with aftershock orgasms.

Her cunt belched out load after load as she mewled pathetically. Her ass was red and raw, covered in scarlet palm prints from the savage spanking I’d inflicted on her.

I looked on, and smiled, pulling up my pants. Miss Shen gurgled, half-conscious.

“I’ll see you on Monday,” I said, zipping up.

Cum plopped to the floor wetly in the silence that followed. At last, she responded:

“Y-yesss… Master…”

I nodded, satisfied, and collected my books from his desk. I gave her naked ass a final smack and walked to the exit. Checking to make sure there was no one outside, I stepped out into the hallway.

Miss Shen remained bent over her desk, blouse ripped open, tits out, skirt hiked up over her naked ass, cum dripping down her legs onto the floor. I wasn't sure if she would have the fortitude to get cleaned up before someone found her like that, but at that point I really truly didn't care. It didn't matter to me at all whether Miss Shen kept her job at Keystone Academy or not. In fact it would be easier if she didn't. I'd want her living with me full-time soon enough, as the newest member of my ever-growing harem.

Too easy, I thought as I strolled to my next class. This was all too easy.

Chapter 21:
The Albright Girls

"I was wondering when we'd get a chance to meet you," Mallory Albright said, smiling warmly. "I knew Madison had been dating some mystery boy, but she's been very secretive these last few months."

I stepped forward into the spacious, high-ceilinged entryway of the Albright's expansive Gold-Coast brownstone, trying to keep my eyes from roving all over the body of Madison's mother as I met her for the first time.

"So nice to meet you finally as well," I said with a smile. "I've heard so much about you."

Mallory Albright was a super-stacked, stone-cold MILF in the same mold as Lori Blair, and my cock began stiffening in my pants uncomfortably with every second I stood facing her. Everything I loved about Madison's body, it seemed with her mother had been ratcheted up to 11. She was dumptruck-thick, with rounded, matronly hips and a wasp-thin waist that gave her an outrageous hourglass figure. Her tits were simply enormous, putting her daughter to shame, making even Stefanie look flat-chested by comparison. After indulging in a quick glance I guessed they had to be MM-cups or larger, two huge, basketball-sized mammaries jutting out from her chest in a buffet shelf of creamy, buttermilk-white cleavage so deep you could lose yourself in it.

She was poured into a figure-hugging black minidress, just a bit too revealing, showcasing her long, shapely legs, a scoop-cut neckline offering up a distractingly blatant view of her canyon of cleavage. Her choice of attire gave me immediate insight into her psychology; she'd chosen something a bit revealing, indicating her own insecurities over her aging body as her youngest daughter brought home a new boyfriend.

She didn't need to be self-conscious; Mrs. Albright was gorgeous, especially for her age. Faint wrinkles and laugh lines around her eyes and mouth only added to the distinguished classical beauty of her face, the plump, pouting lips and doe-like, heavy-

lidded blue eyes so similar to her daughter's. She wore her red hair back in a messy bun, just like Madison had on the night of Homecoming. Between the colossal breasts, the strawberry blonde hair and the lovely, beauty-queen face, I was instantly reminded of the actress Christina Hendricks. My cock pulsed, throbbing in my pants, and I grimaced through it as Mallory leaned in for a hug, my erection digging into her thigh. She detached at once and pulled back as she felt that pressure, a look of surprise on her face, red-painted lips circling into a pursed "O," but before she could say anything, Madison had rushed in from the living room, beaming.

"Oh good, you're here!" she chirped, eyes bright. She looked gorgeous as ever, dressed up for the occasion of my first dinner with her family in a frilly yellow cocktail dress, her own substantial tits displayed proudly and prominently. She stepped forward and embraced me just as her mother had, my erection jutting into her naked thigh, and she pulled back with a knowing look before leaning in for a chaste kiss.

"Come into the den," she purred. "You've got to meet my sisters!"

Mallory watched me as I followed her daughter through a broad archway into the brownstone's open-floor living space. I glanced back and saw her studying me with her eyes.

She could think whatever she wanted. It wouldn't matter, soon enough.

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Madison was the youngest of three sisters.

Mackenzie, the middle child, was a poli-sci major at Tufts University in Boston. She looked like a clone of Madison, just a bit more mature, in the way all college students look like adults to high school kids. She was lounging on the couch in a sweatshirt and yoga pants, her strawberry blonde hair back in a ponytail, scrolling on her phone, when we came in.

The eldest sister, Mikayla, had recently graduated from Julliard and was working as a stage actress in New York City. She sashayed in from the kitchen, tall and statuesque, in a flowing white sundress. She wore her hair in a bob that framed her strikingly gorgeous face. She was instantly recognizable as the prettiest sister and had a glow about her, a presence, that made it easy to see why she became a performer.

"Where's Daddy?" Mikayla asked in a sing-song voice as she entered the room. "He's not going to be late, is he?"

"Your father called ahead and said work is holding him up," Mallory said regretfully, stepping in from the foyer. "We should start dinner without him."

"He's always working too much," Mackenzie said, not looking up from her phone. I looked her over, noting the way she hid her figure beneath a baggy sweatshirt.

What the Albright girls did not know was that I had orchestrated for their father to be held up at work. Since coming into the Blair fortune and being able to mobilize my own considerable assets, inherited from my late parents, I had gone on a buying spree, a period of aggressive expansion as I grew my father's company into a more robust, multi-vertical conglomerate.

Part of that campaign included purchasing the Chicago real-estate firm where Madison's father worked, which effectively made me his boss. Well… his boss's boss's boss. The work crunch his firm was facing was a result of pressure I had put on the company in the wake of the acquisition. I didn't want him anywhere near his family's luxurious brownstone home on the night of this important dinner. It was just the girls and me.

Introductions were made, polite conversation in the den. How did I like Keystone Academy, who were my favorite teachers (all three girls had been students, of course). How did Madison and I meet, what was my favorite thing about her, what did I want to do with my life?

Madison's ending of a years-long relationship with star quarterback Brad Wilcox, a relationship all of her family assumed would lead to marriage, was a curiosity, of course. As was her choosing of a relatively undistinguished freshman boy as her next boyfriend.

But we had prepared our bullshit stories beforehand, and there was the unfortunate fact of my parents' recent untimely passing, which engendered sympathy and made me an instantly compelling figure.

Overcoming tragedy, and all that.

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After our pre-dinner conversation, Mallory disappeared into the kitchen at the rear of the house to finish up preparing the pot roast, while Madison's sisters and I chatted over drinks.

Both of them had arranged to be in the city for different reasons — Mackenzie was on fall break, and Mikayla was going out for auditions. I talked to them about college, their careers, future plans…

In time, I grew bored with the conversation and eager to carry on with my plan. The real reason I was here. I glanced meaningfully over at Madison, silently expressing my wishes, my eyes darting back towards the kitchen. She gave me a look of affirmation, then returned to chatting with her sisters.

"I think I'll go see if your mom needs any help in the kitchen," I said, rising from the couch.

“Oh, I promise, you don’t want to go in there,” Mackenzie said sardonically, shooting me down. “Mom doesn’t want anybody in that kitchen while she’s working, trust me.”

I stood silently for a second, looking down at her. Thinking about the things I’d like to do to her.

“I should just go check,” I said, my face bland and emotionless. “To be polite.”

I sauntered down the long hallway and into the spacious kitchen, where Madison’s mom was working on tossing a salad in a large bowl with tongs and a fork. My eyes hungrily ran over her ass and the back of her legs, admiring her ample, MILF-thick form from the doorway.

“Almost done,” she said, glancing back over her shoulder at me, eyes lingering on me a moment longer than they needed to. “You can go back out there, Miles, honey. I’ll bring everything out when it’s ready.”

“Did you need any help setting the table or anything?” I asked innocently, ignoring her request. I stepped forward, letting my arousal flow through me, feeling my pheromones kick into overdrive, my musk heavy and noxious in the air. I’d grown more adept at controlling this otherwise subconscious aspect of my powers in recent weeks. I felt I could now target my prey individually, reaching out, letting my lust infect them like a virus. And my entire mind was centered on Mallory Albright at that moment.

“No, it’s set already,” she said, not turning around, drizzling a vinaigrette into the salad bowl. “Go on back out there and just wait with the girls, dear.”

Before she said another word I was behind her, pressing up against her backside, enjoying the way her soft, pillowy ass-cheeks squashed against my hips as I leaned forward. She gasped and tried to turn around but my hands went to her hips, holding her in place, and I surged forward, pinning her against the edge of the counter. My cock, firming swiftly in my pants, bulged against her backside, sinking deeply into the cleft of her ass-crack through the thin dark fabric of her minidress.

“Miles,” she said quietly, setting down the tongs as I pinned her against the counter. “What do you think you’re *doing?*”

“Exactly what I came here to do,” I replied, rubbing my stiffening member up and down along the valley of her ass-crack, guiding it between those sumptuous cheeks as my fingers sank into the softness of her ample hips.

“I knew there was something… *off* about you,” she murmured. “I knew as soon as Madison told me she broke up with Brad… that she was was dating a younger boy. I just had a… feeling.”

I reached up and clutched the mother by her throat, making her gasp and tense as I held her tightly, fingers encircling her graceful, swanlike neck.

“Madison and I aren’t *dating,*” I hissed, leaning in to whisper in her ear, my rigid member sinking forcefully between her ass-cheeks. “Madison is my fucking slave, my fuck-slut, my property. One of many. Just as you will be.”

“You’re f-fucking crazy,” she choked, struggling to breathe as I gripped her throat. “Get out of my house… Right now…”

In response, I reached forward with my other hand and yanked the front of her dress down, stretching the fabric, making her flinch and whine helplessly as I exposed the lacy trim of her burgundy-colored bra, her breastflesh oozing out, threatening to explode free at any moment. I palmed one massive, hefty tit, feeling its weight, my fingers sinking deeply into the exposed, white flesh. Then I peeled the cup of the bra down, exposing a pale pink, dinner-plate-sized areola and a puffy, fat nipple as the entire beach-ball-sized titty poured out, jostling and bouncing, quivering as Mallory struggled against me.

I squeezed and kneaded the exposed titflesh, squishing and squashing it between my fingers, pinching and tweaking the nipple. Mallory barely contained a scream, biting her knuckle hard, shivering as I felt her up shamelessly. From the other room, we could hear the sound of Madison and her sisters laughing at something they’d said.

“My husband… is gonna fucking kill you… when he hears about this,” Mallory said quietly, holding her panic at bay. “You’ll never get… within a mile… of my daughter again…”

“By the end of the night, you’ll call me ‘Master,’” I hissed. “And your mind… your body… and your daughters… will belong to me.”

I released her breast, letting it bounce and jiggle back into a resting position, hanging heavily above the salad bowl, and I reached down to unbutton my pants. My fly spread readily, and I tugged my cock out impatiently, letting it grow to full arousal, stiffening and straightening, jutting forward. I lifted the hem of Mallory’s dress even as she squirmed, trying to evade my grip, and I choked her tighter until she stopped fighting. My pheromones would be in her now, making her docile and naturally submissive.

My cock sprung up, slapping in-between Mallory’s fat thighs, and I pressed forward, fucking into her thigh gap, slicing between her legs, hissing in lust as I fucked the air-tight channel, still pinning her against the counter. She trembled and whimpered, feeling my iron-hard, vein-riddled length pumping between her thick, juicy thighs, as I used her for my own gratification.

“Mom? Are you almost done in there?” Mikayla’s voice echoed down the hall. Mallory stiffened, paralyzed with fear.

“Answer her,” I whispered, thrusting slowly between her legs, the granite-hard shaft of my cock gliding against the thin, delicate layer of lace covering her pussy, her ass piled up behind her, squashed against my stomach.

“Just… a minute, darling!” Mallory sang, bracing herself against the countertop.

“Good girl,” I murmured, fucking between her fat MILF thighs indecently, my bloated purple cockhead emerging in the front, drooling heavily.

My hand crawled up her throat until I was cupping her cheek, and my thumb found her plump, pillowy lips before forcing its way in. She mumbled dumbly around the intrusion before dutifully sucking on my thumb like a baby, eyes wide with terror.

I twisted her neck around viciously and then leaned in to kiss her, mashing my lips against her own, nibbling on her, my tongue thrusting into her mouth and claiming her, dancing with her own hot, moist tongue until she moaned sorrowfully into me, returning the kiss, her hand coming up to caress my cheek gingerly.

I pulled away, leaving her gasping and panting, my cock withdrawing from between her thighs with a lewd, wet *shlurpp*. I stuffed my prodigious length back into my trousers with some difficulty and buttoned my pants back up, then wiped her red lipstick off my face with the back of my hand and turned to leave the kitchen.

Behind me, Mallory quivered and shook, one heaving breast hanging out disgracefully, her dress hiked up in the back, exposing the naked cheeks of her fat white ass, as she leaned over the kitchen countertop and tried not to cry.

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The mother of three had put herself back together when she strode out of the kitchen carrying the pot roast and set it down in front of us. The girls began passing around salad and sides, making their plates, as Mallory took her seat at the head of the broad dining room table. I sat beside Madison, facing Mikayla and Mackenzie across from us, but my eyes were on their mother as she took her seat, bending at the waist to slide into her chair, the expanse of her luscious cleavage on full display. She caught me looking and blushed, looking queasy, and I smiled.

Madison noticed the subtle exchange between her mother and me and glanced over, reaching under the table to squeeze my thigh, gently. Her fingertips found the tube-like bulge of cockmeat running down my pants leg and caressed it lightly, squeezing before withdrawing. I was thrumming with lustful energy, feeling restless and impatient.

“Dinner smells delicious, Mrs. Albright,” I said, smiling as I took a slice of roast.

“Th-thank you, Miles,” Mallory answered, clearing her throat awkwardly.

“So, Miles,” Mackenzie began, catching my eye. “Have you and Madison talked about what you’ll do when she goes off to college in the fall? I mean, you’ll still be at Keystone next year…”

“Mm, long-distance relationships are hard,” Mikayla nodded, munching on a mouthful of salad.

“Well, we’ve talked about it, and I don’t think it’ll be too much of a challenge,” I said casually. “We agreed that Madison shouldn’t go off to college. She’ll stay here and live with me.”

The three women froze, eyes wide. Mallory held a glass of water in her trembling hand, the ice cubes clinking lightly in the silence. After a moment, Mackenzie burst out laughing.

“Oh right, I’m sure!” she cackled, head thrown back. “She’ll just move in with you, huh?”

“That’s right. In fact, she’s already contacted the dean of admissions at Dartmouth in order to cancel her application,” I said, taking a bite of roast.

Mackenzie stopped laughing.

“Surely you can’t be serious,” she grimaced. “Madison? Is this…?”

“It’s true,” Madison chirped happily. “Miles told me I didn’t need to go to college, that he wanted me to stay with him. And I love him, so… I said okay!”

Madison’s mother was conspicuously quiet in the cold silence that followed.

“Maddy, I really think you need to reconsider,” Mikayla finally said. “I mean, you could take a gap year, but you shouldn’t just write off college altogether. What will dad say?”

“Who gives a shit?” I sneered, interrupting rudely. “Madison’s mine now, and she’ll do what *I* say. I’ve gotten used to having her around… I like getting to fuck her whenever I want. So she’s not going anywhere.”

A stunned silence settled over the table.

“I… think you should leave,” Mackenzie said at last, breaking the chilling quiet. She turned to her mother. “Mom? He needs to leave.”

Mallory looked at her daughters, and her lips moved but it seemed she couldn’t find the right words.

I stood abruptly from my seat, tossed my napkin onto my plate, and walked around to the head of the table. Mallory stood to escort me out, but I surprised her by reaching forward to grip her hair from behind, yanking her head back and forcing her to crane her neck painfully.

Mackenzie and Mikayla erupted with surprise, shouting for me to stop, while Mallory was stiff but unresisting. I wrenched their mother’s head to the side, making her face

me, then I pressed my mouth to hers in a wet, open kiss. My own lips met her plush, pillowy, pouting pair, my tongue pushing into her mouth immediately, questing inside easily. She moaned, a lewd and mindless sound, as my tongue tangled with hers, my hand reaching up to clutch her chest.

Her two elder sisters watched, horrified, as I groped their mother's massive, heaving breast right in front of them. It was so soft, warm, jiggling and heavy, flesh spilling over my fingers. Still holding her by her hair, I gripped the front of her dress and yanked it down, stretching the fabric, ruining it, hearing the seams abruptly rip and tear under duress as it slid down over one shoulder, exposing her bra strap and the wine-colored lacy cup of her brassiere, barely holding her basketball-sized tit in place. Not wasting time, I slipped the bra strap off her shoulder and pulled the cup down, letting one massive mammary spill out in all its glory. A perfect, teardrop-shaped globe, seemingly unaffected by gravity and time, the pale areola and ruddy nipple protruding lewdly.

"M-mommy…?" Mikayla whimpered, frozen stock-still in her seat as she watched the act of sexual violence taking place right in front of her.

I slapped Mallory's naked tit, making it dance and jostle wildly on her chest as she whimpered powerlessly. My will was asserting itself over her mind already, my pheromones making her meek and supplicative. Her daughters would not be far behind, their own petrified inability to act a symptom of my latent dominion over their minds, and soon their bodies.

"Madison… do something," Mackenzie pleaded, tears streaming down her cheeks.

I walked around the table, dragging Mallory behind me, staggering and clumsy, and I stood beside Madison's chair.

"Get my cock out, slave," I commanded, and instantly Madison turned to face me and began unbuttoning my pants, puling down the fly. She tugged my trousers down to mid-thigh and her two sisters gasped as they beheld the massive, looming bulge within my boxer-briefs. Then Madison was slipping those down, too, her fingers cool against my flesh, her fingernails tickling my hips as she pulled the elastic waistband down, stretching it around the arm-thick girth of my footlong cock.

My prick sprung up once free, bouncing wildly in the open air. The girls stared at it, mortified at the monstrous size of it, looking at me with nervous terror, caught in an insane surreal dream as I upended their lives.

I threw Mallory against the table, making the silverware and plates rattle, and pushed her onto her back, knocking the pot roast and a tub of mashed potatoes aside, spilling a gravy boat onto the linen tablecloth. A glass of water fell to the floor and shattered.

Mallory did nothing to resist as I reached down and tore the front of her dress, yanking it forcefully down and to the side, freeing her other brasierre-clad tit. Her eyes were wide and rimmed with tears, mascara streaks running down her face as she watched me. I

tugged at the bottom of her dress, hiking it up her fat thighs and over her broad hips, exposing the matching burgundy panties hiding her pussy.

With the disgraced mother sitting on the table's edge, I moved easily between her legs, drawing her to me and bringing her in for another deep, searching kiss. In spite of herself, Mallory moaned into me, then squeaked as I slapped her tit again, hard, sending it jiggling and bouncing. I stuck my tongue out and she sucked it instinctively, like a cock, and I chuckled.

I pushed her back onto the table, spreading her legs. She watched me, panting, breath rattling in her chest. I slipped her panties to the side, exposing her red-furred snatch, and drew closer. I lifted my cock into place then let it fall onto her stomach with a wet *thwapp*. The length of it extended up past her pelvis, past her belly button almost to her ribcage, showing how deeply I would penetrate her.

"Please don't… please don't," Mackenzie begged, still sitting directly across the table from us as I desecrated the woman who had given birth to her. Mikayla sat beside her, sobbing uncontrollably into her hands, unable to watch.

"I want you to know… you'll all be mine," I said, steadying myself against Mallory's luscious, thick thighs. "And I want you to know, Madison arranged this all for me… Because she loves me more than she could ever love you."

"Please, not my daughters," Mallory said, breathing in shallow, shuddering gasps. "Do what you want to me. But not my daughters."

"You don't exactly look like you're in a place to negotiate," I said, then I lined up my cock with her entrance, holding one of her legs up with one hand while the other aimed my shaft. And with a grunt, I drove my oversized cock deep into the mother of three's waiting pussy.

"Aaahhhnn!! Hnggg!" She gasped, both her hands moving to grasp at the edges of the table. I sank my shaft over halfway in, then I just let my hips go, pulling and pumping, working quickly into a rapid, almost hyper-active rhythm.

"F-f-fuck… Oh, god! Miles!" she shouted, and I thrilled as she called my name in the throes of ecstasy.

I reached down to grip her tits, using the massive mountains as handholds, stripping the bra from her completely, letting the straps fall down to the crook of her elbows. She moaned as I took her, her pussy squelching and farting lewdly around my dick as I plundered her roughly. The table shook, more glasses tipping over, silverware clattering to the floor, the salad bowl dancing and jittering with each thrust.

Mallory grunted and screamed as I raped her, but her legs wrapped around me and she bucked her hips while her own daughters watched, the ultimate display of degradation and submission. She wasn't their mother anymore, she was just a bitch in heat, a thing

for me to use, to fuck into oblivion.

She came swiftly, shamefully, back arching as she trembled and whined, pushing her breasts up into my gripping, squeezing, clawing hands. My hands sank deeply into her bulging mounds, disappearing up to the wrists in her bounteous tittyflesh, just as my cock sank inside of her, stretching out her womb, pounding into her cervix.

“I’m so sorry, girls… I’m so sorry,” she cried. “God… I’m fucking… cummingggg!!”

She let go of the table, her arms rising to encircle my shoulders, pulling me down toward her. Her fat, sloshing tits pancaked under my bodyweight, squashing between us, as she drew me close and I kissed her, humping against her, rocking the table, holding her by the messy bun at the back of her head. Dominating her fully. My hips sped up, approaching the point of no return as I pounded Madison’s MILF slut mother for all she was worth.

My hands were buried in her bouncing titflesh, grasping at the marshmallow softness, squeezing and kneading the two pillowy mountains. So full, so heavy, they poured over my palms as I groped them, and I buried my face between them, taking a fat nipple between my lips and nibbling on it, pressing my face into the acres of cleavage, sucking, kissing, biting, drawing ragged moans and gasps from the mother.

“Oh godddddd,” Mallory wailed. “Give me your fucking cum, Miles… Do it… Shoot it inside me… Nut in me raw… Make me a mother again!”

Her squealing got louder with every deep thrust, my bloated ballsack bashing against her ass like a wrecking ball. Then, all at once, I fell onto her, groping her breasts madly, fingers digging deep into the soft, pliant flesh, and with a grunt, I came deep inside her.

My cock throbbed, and everyone at the table could hear the audible sound from within Mallory’s body as it expelled its load — *sklluuurrrshhh, skluuooorrrtt, spluuuurrrggg*. I was pumping hot, gummy-worm-thick ropes of sperm directly into her unprotected womb, and Mallory bit her lip, her eyes rolling back in her head as she shook beneath me, holding me close as I seeded her womb.

“You’re mine now,” I hissed, holding her face by the chin, staring into her glassy, unfocused eyes as I pissed an unending beam of chowder-thick, searing-hot cum-gunk into her pussy. “Understand?”

“Yes,” Mallory wheezed, dead-eyed. “I am your property, Miles.”

I slapped her. *WHAPP!*

“Not Miles!” I raged. “What do you call me? What am I?”

“M-m-master!” the mind-fucked MILF sobbed. “I belong to you, *Master!*”

I unloaded more and more backed-up sperm-jelly into her cunt, my nuts twitching and emitting a low burbling noise as I seeded her. I flexed against her soft, curvaceous body, hitching as my cock spewed finger-thick ropes, each burst lasting several seconds, razor-sharp ecstasy lancing through my body. Chunky jets of clumped-up, coagulated semen sloshed within her, and she groaned, riding her own sympathetic wave of climax as she fulfilled her life's purpose — to take my cream.

When I withdrew my cum-slathered and goopy cock from her sloppy cunt, pulses of my jaundiced, clotted cream belched from the mother's well-abused pussy onto her dining room table, spurting creampies of thick, steaming nut all over the tablecloth. She simply lay there, empty-eyed and drained, cum leaking in thick gouts from her pussy, and her leg fell down with a clatter as I released her and stepped back.

I turned my attention to the two weeping daughters across the table, their wide eyes blank and haunted.

"I'm gonna be your new daddy," I said, grinning widely as I fisted my cock, my fist making a wet, squelching *skluurrrk* sound as it pumped up and down the cum-slick shaft.

"Get over here… now," I demanded, jacking off my still-hard prick, sending flecks of white cream flying all over the table, dripping to the floor below.

One after the other, Mackenzie and Mikayla slowly stood, pushing back their chairs. They walked around the table and stood before me as I waited, casually jerking my footlong dick in front of them.

"Take that fucking sweatshirt off," I hissed at Mackenzie.

Her face contorted with fear, the college-aged girl nodded slowly and then reached down, lifting the hoodie up over her head.

"Hurry up, stupid!" I barked. Quickly, she shed the sweatshirt, tossing it to the floor in a heap.

She wore a simple sports bra underneath, her tits crushed inside in a fantastic cleavage, her toned midsection on full display above her skintight yoga pants. The sweater had been hiding a lovely physique, and I noted that her breasts looked even bigger than Madison's, though nowhere near the size of her mother's.

I walked up to the two sisters like a drill sergeant inspecting a row of soldiers at attention. Mikayla tried to avert her gaze but I lifted her chin, forcing her to look me in the eye, then I reached down and palmed her breast through the linen material of her flowing white sundress, and she caught her breath. I unbuttoned the front of the dress and slipped my hand into the soft warmth inside, groping her as I stared into her eyes, tweaking her nipple.

I spread her dress, jerking it cruelly to the side, then yanking it down over her shoulders, exposing her hanging, naked breasts. Mikayla was beautiful, like a perfected version of Madison, and my balls angrily gurgled before my cock hitched and spit a rope of fresh cream onto her dress, making her flinch and whimper.

Without being asked, Mackenzie reached down and lifted her sports bra, letting her own impressive tits spill free, bouncing and jiggling before settling on her chest. She tossed it aside as she had her sweatshirt.

“Good girl,” I said, caressing her face. “You understand what’s going to happen here, don’t you?”

“We’re going to end up… like them, aren’t we?” Mackenzie replied, nodding toward Madison and her mother. “J-just… get it over with.”

“On your knees. Both of you,” I said quietly.

Mackenzie sank down first, head bowed. Mikayla was next, lowering slowly to her knees until they both knelt before me, eye-level with my iron-hard, cum-slathered prick and my rumbling, gurgling, oversized balls.

“F-fuck, your cock is huge,” Mackenzie said, moaning lightly. I smiled as she verbalized her admiration and submission, then she reached up to take my shaft in both hands, cooing at the lewd sensation of weight. It was thicker around than her own wrist, ending in a swollen, purple glans halfway covered by my foreskin. My musk was stronger now than ever and both girls breathed in heavily, instinctually, weakening their own resolve with every breath. My pisshole winked at Mackenzie, my length throbbing.

“This is… sick,” Mikayla whined, some resistance still sparking within her. “You’re just… a kid…”

“Whatever I am… I am also your Master,” I said calmly, stroking her hair.

Mackenzie leaned forward and slipped her tongue beneath my foreskin, running it around the underside of my glans before peeling it back and pressing her nose directly to my piss-hole, inhaling deeply.

“Nngh, that fucking smell,” she mewled, milking the shaft. “Your cock stinks like shit but I fucking love it…”

She looked up at me, her face desperate and hungry. Her hands traveled to the thick base of my cock and gathered my balls, kneading and groping them. Each nut was the size of an apple, and together the pair filled her palms in a hot, cum-swollen mass, feeling heavy and full. Another moan escaped her lips and she looked up at me with reverence.

“Your balls are so fucking… fat,” she hissed, caressing them. She gathered my testicles

in a double-handful, pulling them taut, clasping one hand around the scrotal skin above, pressing them against her mouth and nose. I knew from experience that my musk was strongest here but it was satisfying to watch Mackenzie learn it in real-time. She inhaled sharply, with an exaggerated noise. With my shaft sticking up above her face, her eyes rolled back with lust as the smell of my sack exploded in her head.

“Fuck, Mikayla, he smells amazing,” she said to her sister dreamily. “His musk is so strong, even though he’s just a kid. It’s making me so wet!”

Mackenzie lay my heavy nutsack on her face, shoving my balls against her nostrils and snorting like a hog. I could feel and hear the huge load sloshing within each bloated testicle, and I knew she could too.

No longer able to resist, Mikayla leaned in and ran her tongue over the underside of my balls, not caring about the indecent, animalistic noises she made as she opened her mouth as wide as she could and fastened her plump lips around one of those heavy cum-tanks, trying to draw the whole thing into her mouth, her cheeks hollowing out lewdly as she applied suction. She and her sister alternated between each sperm-stuffed nut, bobbing their heads, blowing my balls like they were cocks and groaning with every sumptuous mouthful.

“This is so fucked up,” Mikayla said, sucking and sniffing and moaning all the while. “I can’t believe we’re doing this…”

“Put my cock in your mouth,” I ordered. Mikayla shuddered, looking uncertain that she could take my huge pole down her throat. I gripped her by the hair and pulled her head up, my cock jutting forward like a spike, the tip poised at her plump, pouting pink lips. Taking two handfuls of her hair, I drove forward, sliding it into her mouth with a wet, fleshy noise.

Mikayla immediately choked and gagged, but she did not resist. Her hands braced themselves desperately against my thighs as I began to power-fuck her throat, driving my arm-thick cock deep into her wet mouth. Mackenzie simply adapted, leaning down to continue licking and slurping on my heavy balls, cradling them lovingly, kissing them with tender *smucks* and *smacks* of her plump lips.

Wet saliva and foamy throat slime bubbled up out of the sides of Mikayla’s mouth as she gurgled and made squawking glottal noises, choking on my cock.

“Ggglllglchh!” she burped. “Bbblblggkk!!”

Tears welled in her eyes and a mixture of cum and saliva continued to slop lewdly from her nostrils and the stretched o-ring of her lips, sealed tightly around my girthy shaft as I raped her throat. She gurgled pathetically as I braced behind her head near the base of her neck and pulled her skull forward, driving my turgid fuckmeat deeper into her gullet.

Mikayla’s eyes began to roll back and I could see she was on the verge of passing out,

so I withdrew, yanking my shaft up out of her throat all at once, bringing with it a huge torrent of spit that splattered all over her breasts, painting them in white foam. She coughed and gasped as I stood over her.

I reached down and grasped Mackenzie by the base of her ponytail, brining her head up to face down my swollen, spit-slick cockhead. A pearl of heavy white cum had gathered in my pisshole, and I forced it up against her nostril, steeping her in the mind-breaking scent of my seed.

I slapped the college girl with my big prick repeatedly and she begged me for more, telling me she loved getting beaten by my dick, telling me that I could treat her like shit as much as I wanted, as long as she got to lick my balls and swallow my cum. She was well beyond reason now, her thinking brain overruled by the base desires my pheromones had planted within her.

She opened her lips wide and I drove my cock straight down her waiting throat, thrusting in and out of her mouth without any concern for her, my balls slamming against her chin and throat again and again with meaty *thwacks* as I drilled her. I grunted and Mackenzie echoed me with her own depraved choking noises, her eyes rolling back to the whites from the violence of my face-fucking assault.

“Nnggh!” she gurgled. “Glglglchh! Glaauurrgkk!!”

On and on it went, for minutes on end. Waterfalls of spit and cum-gunk boiled out of the tight seal her mouth formed around the base of my dick, sliding down her chin and plopping to her naked tits below. Her eyes were ringed with mascara, giving her the raccoon-eyed appearance of a well-used whore. Mackenzie was a pathetic sight indeed, choking and dry-heaving on my mammoth dick.

“Fuck her up,” Mikayla hissed, grinning up at me, kneading and squeezing her own sloppy, spit-flecked titties. “Skull-fuck her and use her throat as your personal cum-dump… Choke her until she’s a fucking brain-damaged slut who only lives to drink your sperm…”

I pulled out, disgorging myself from Mackenzie’s vise-grip throat, jerking my cock as I crossed the line. My cock swelled and flexed then blew a salvo of arcing white ropes all over Mikayla and Mackenzie’s tits, bathing them in thick, steaming cum. The bursts of semen were so copious and powerful that my dick farted and sputtered as it erupted, spewing jet after finger-thick jet of dense, rich, clumpy, curdled, jelly-thick sperm gunk with the force of a firehose.

Skkklluuoooorrptt!

Blllurrrpppttttt!!

Skllurrrrggttt!!

The sisters rubbed the goopy, zig-zagging mess of ropes and cum curds into their own skin, lathering their tits with my sperm, opening their mouths as one, wagging their tongues for me, presenting themselves as targets.

“F-fuck, yessss,” Mackenzie begged in a hoarse, throat-fucked voice, kneading her breasts as my ropes continued to plaster her kneeling body. “Empty your big, fat, nasty balls all over my face! Fill my mouth up… Master!!”

My sperm was thick like pudding, spewing out in heavy, looping plumes, painting their tits in fat, pearly white lines. When I aimed up at Mackenzie’s face, it only took three or four spurts to completely cover her features, burying her face beneath a gloopy mask of chunky, butter-colored sperm. Then I poised my heavy piss-pipe over her open mouth and blew a rope inside, Mackenzie only moaning with cum-drunk lust as a heavy sperm deposit buried her tongue, then her back teeth, then completely filling her mouth to the point that her cheeks were puffed out around the sloshing mess.

Noxious cum smell filled the air as I turned and unloaded on Mikayla’s face too, my nuts twitching and burbling as stinking ropes of semen criss-crossed her upturned face, plugging her nostrils, gluing her eyes shut, stuffing her mouth. Her lovely features were hidden beneath a hot lattice of gooey, nasty sperm, including one monumental, chunky jet that filled her mouth with a single, long, coiling, gummy-thick worm.

I squeezed out the last few drops, pumping my fist up my dick slowly, while Mikayla and Mackenzie kept their mouths open to show me how much they’d collected, swirling my loads around with their tongues slovenly, cravenly. Then, together, they began gulping it all down. One gulp, two gulps. Three. Four.

“Fuck, what a massive load,” Mackenzie moaned from beneath her mask of cum-jelly once her mouth and throat were clear.

“I feel like you got my fucking mouth pregnant.” Mikayla held her stomach gingerly and burped, then extended her tongue, catching one chowdery cum-strand running down her cheek, pulling it into her mouth with a slurp.

“Thank you, Master,” Mackenzie cooed, scooping cream off her face and feeding it into her mouth.

“Thank you, Master,” Mikayla echoed.

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With Madison’s mother and sisters under my thrall, I took ownership of her family swiftly. Mallory had filed for divorce within the week and moved into my house shortly thereafter, bringing the girls with her, along with her own personal fortune. My home, an expansive mansion with multiple guest rooms, was becoming very full indeed, and I realized I’d soon need to find permanent, appropriate lodging for my growing harem.

At last tally, that harem included: Stefanie, Madison, Alana, Lori, the cheerleaders Crystal, Jenny, and Brianna, Miss Shen, and now Mallory and her daughters, Mackenzie and Mikayla.

By December, I had stopped going to school and hired Miss Shen as my personal tutor after forcing her to resign her position at the Keystone Academy. I began to devote myself full-time to scheming and plotting the next moves in what I had taken to calling "the agenda."

I looked into the real estate properties I'd inherited when my parents passed. It seemed my father was a part-owner of a condo complex in Los Angeles, in West Hollywood, called *Casa Bella*. As winter descended on Chicago, sunny LA suddenly sounded very appealing indeed, as did its proximity to the entertainment industry. I remember lying in bed with Stef one night, reviewing my "wish list" of actresses, models, and celebrities. Stef giggled as she scrolled through the doc, then took my prick in her hand and hissed:

"You can have them all."

I quietly bought out the other property owners and the condo complex came under my ownership completely. There were several open units, including a penthouse suite. Perfect, I thought to myself.

I picked up my phone and called to arrange for the private jet to be ready the next day.

To Be Continued…